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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

NO. II.—MR. WORDSWORTH.

WITH what different feelings do we write this name, from those with which it will be seen by (we fear) a large proportion of our readers! A few have read the works of Wordsworth, and disapprove; many have not read them, and therefore condemn; the rest, among whom are we, think of him as of one greater, and purer from vulgar meannesses, than to belong exclusively to our generation, and yet connected with it by deep sympathies, by a thousand gentle and strong associations, and by the noblest moral influence.—Wherefore this variety of conviction? Partly because the public taste has been in a large degree formed by very different models from that presented by this great poet; partly because it has been much misled by evil guidance; but chiefly because his poems require in their readers a far more majestic state of feeling, and more active exercise of reason, than are to be found among ordinary men. Of our own belief we shall now offer some explanation.

At the period of the change of dynasty, in 1688, however necessary it may have been to take strong measures for the purpose of saving our bishops from martyrdom, and our venerable ancestors from a Popish explosion; there was at least as much need of a revolution in poetry as in Government. Indeed, from the time of the death of Milton until our own generation, there was scarcely a

mind in England, and not one of the highest order, whereof a trace remains, that dreamed of acting upon the feelings through the imagination, by the aid of any more powerful engines than the passions and modes of reasoning which display themselves on the surface of human intercourse, and, as they spring from nothing essential in man's nature, are perpetually shifting and passing away. The muse was dressed like a lady on a birth-night, with a toupee and patches, a stomacher and a hoop-petticoat: Her offspring were mere vague shadows, with a certain conventional inanity of feature; and the heroes of poetry were only more interesting than the mutes who clear the stage between the acts of a play, by being more sillily irritable, more ludicrously fierce, and fonder of words of six syllables, than are real and living men;—while the way to bring a description or event home to the feelings of every reader, and to impress it vividly on his imagination, was by comparing it to something in the scandalous chronicle of Greek or Roman mythology; by arraying it in a patched garment of classical allusion; by calling a breeze "a zephyr," and a rivulet "the Naiad of the crystal flood."

The dynasty of this gentle dulness was destined, however, to be shaken and overthrown, in the midst of its most triumphant imbecility. Three-fourths of the eighteenth century

passed away without producing in Europe a single really important political event, or one great predominating mind. But these things were all destined to be changed in the changes of the great moral cycle, acting apparently through the proximate causes of various political convulsions. The obstinate tyranny of England forced the colonies in North America into a most just and holy rebellion. A contest of principles arose; it was imitated in Ireland, in the conflict which triumphed in the year 1782; and reproduced under a more formidable and astounding shape in the French Revolution. Wars became struggles of the intellects and passions of nations,—not merely of muskets and bills of exchange. Politics were changed into the opposition of great moral principles, instead of the frivolous frenzies of pamphleteers and secretaries of state, for the possession of a village or the inviolability of a sinecure. Men learned, in short, to think and to feel for themselves, instead of being talking or acting mechanism. The breath of universal existence seemed to become a subtle and mighty power, an impulse, and an inspiration. The hearts of men were enlarged by the reception of a vast hope; and their faculties impregnated by the glorious influences of the time. The great visible changes were, the awakening of nations, the overthrow of the mighty, the destruction of armies and empires, the reform of France into a republic, and of Italy into a people. But there were also the stranger, more fruitful, and more permanent changes, the regeneration of the German mind, and the second miraculous descent upon English literature of the purifying and kindling fire from heaven.

Of this imbreathed spirit, Wordsworth has in our country received more largely than any one now living; or rather bringing with him into manhood rarer faculties than the rest of his generation, he has also laboured more unceasingly and earnestly to make them instruments of

ideal art and moral truth, creators of the beautiful, and ministers to the good. For these objects he has ceased to draw from the shallow and muddy fountains of so much preceding and contemporary literature. He has sequestered himself from the customary interests and busy competitions of the society around him; and has endeavoured to see, in his own breast, and in the less artificial classes of mankind, the being of his species as it is, and as it might be, and in the outward world a treasury of symbols, in which we may find reflections of ourselves, and intimations of the purport of all existence. He has attempted to build up in this way his own nature; and to impress it upon his kind, by embodying his serene benevolence and universal sympathies in the forms supplied by a peculiarly faithful and fertile imagination. He has not aimed at all at momentary applause, nor even made renown, either present, or to be, the object of his exertions; but he has written from the love for man, the reverence for truth, and the devotion to art, which, though totally unconnected with the business of book-making, are the only foundations of literary excellence. Therefore it is, that, amid all the ridicule with which he who belongs not to the age has been attacked by its minions, his influence has been gradually but uniformly extending; and those who judge every thing by the commercial standard of the day, will be surprised to find that the booksellers have lately thought it for their advantage to publish a complete and beautiful edition of the works of this "drivelling ballad-monger."

The main strength of the clamour against Wordsworth has been directed upon his fondness for the use of plain and ordinary phraseology. Now for this there are various reasons. In the first place, the constant employment by metrical writers of certain set forms of phrase, many of them never used by any one to express real feelings, and the rest by the very fact of becoming the cant language

of poetry, disused among living men,—this custom had by repetition so deadened their effect, that they had ceased to be symbols recalling any thing whatsoever, but the precedents for their use in some other writer. Wordsworth attempted to remedy this by seeking for fresh reservoirs of expression in the real language of mankind, as springing from their genuine feelings: and he found his best materials among those classes whom the habits of society have not compelled to dilute into weakness the mode of communicating their sensations; though in drawing his language in a great degree from the less instructed ranks, he of course omitted every thing that by its rarity would have been unintelligible, or which was not in conformity either with human nature in general, or with the necessary principles of human discourse. But it is a mistake to suppose that he never employs a dialect which might not have been collected from the lips of ploughmen; on the contrary, using simple phrases for simple things, and giving unpedantic expressions to uninstructed men; he also wields, and far more powerfully than any one, between Milton and himself, a language sufficient to the heights and depths of all philosophy, and more subtle and powerful in expressing the most delicate and complex shades of feeling, than any English writer whatsoever, Shakspeare alone excepted. At the same time the habitual use of an uninflated phraseology gives extraordinary vigour to all that homely illustration, and fresh, natural imagery, which are so conspicuous in Wordsworth's poems. But in general his sonnets, the larger number of his minor poems, the "White Doe of Rylstone," and the "Excursion," are by no means marked with the lowliness of diction which it is so common to dwell upon and to ridicule. We find still vigorous in these poems, and in none but them, and the works of Coleridge and of Shelley, the full harmony and profusion, the swell and force, of our English tongue, the green old age of

that majestic speech, in which Spenser wrote the "Fairie Queen," and Milton discoursed the "Areopagitica" to angels, to men, and to eternity.

Connected with this charge is that of Mr. Wordsworth's propensity to represent as his heroes, obscure, and therefore uninteresting, personages. But is there, or is there not, in the hearts of men, that true catholic faith in our nature, from which we learn that what interests and engages all our better, and therefore all our stronger feelings, is not the accidental peculiarity of circumstance, but the immoveable foundations of human being, and its incorporeal, indivisible essence? Place these where you will, so that they show themselves through the accidental accompaniments, and are not stifled by them, there is in them that which draws us to itself, and makes us feel the stirrings of kindred pulses. But how generally, among the instructed classes, is every free emotion checked or masked! Sympathy is called affection; earnestness, enthusiasm; religion, fanaticism; and the whole of society beaten down and shrunk into flat barrenness. But among the ranks of men which are less subjected to fashion, there are still to be seen yearnings and ebullitions of natural feeling, and among them mankind may be studied with more accuracy, and examples of deeper and truer interest discovered, than in the portion to which we belong. Acting upon this belief, Wordsworth has done more than any one who has written in our language for two centuries, to realize and bring home to our minds the character of the larger portion of our species. At a time when the favourite personages of even our best poets were Celadons and Musidoras, when poetry confined itself either to Gentlemen and Ladies, or to the shadowy indiscriminate mockeries of humanity, the swains of pastoral absurdity—it was doing a mighty service to society to represent the artisan and the peasant even with the external minuteness of

Crabbe. We all feel, nevertheless, that he has looked upon the poor, the uninstructed, and the despised, with an eye rather to the peculiarities of the individual and the class; and that he has often neglected those things which belong not to classes or to individuals, but to mankind—the original and still undiminished inheritance of glorious hopes and divine faculties. But it is Wordsworth almost alone who has shown us how precious are the associations connected with the foot-print of the clouted shoe. He who paints to us the differences of manners and habits between ourselves and the mass of men, who brings into the strongest light the contrast between stars, lawn-sleeves, and epaulettes, on the one hand, and smock-frocks, and checked shirts on the other, does much towards making us conceive of weavers and ploughmen, as living and busy beings; instead of leaving us to think of stage figurants in pink-hats and lemon-coloured breeches, with gilded crooks and jingling tambourines. But how infinitely more is done to compel our best sympathies, when herdsmen and pedlars are presented to us not only breathing the breath of the same existence, and treading the same green earth as we, but, in their different degrees, thinking similar thoughts, agitated by like passions and misgivings, thrilled by kindred impulses of love, joying in the universal presence of one essential beauty, and feeling within them, and pouring abroad over the world for their own contemplation, the power and tenderness of that spirit who lives as strongly in the châlî of the mountaineer, and in the sod-built hut, as among primates, and kaisers, and the conclaves of emblazoned aristocracies.

This has been done by Wordsworth; and the immortal writings which have been the instruments and fruits of his labour, afford an admirable illustration of the mode in which it is really useful and wise to combat the evil cause of privileged monopolies and unchristian secta-

rianism. It is the effect of almost all his works to make men look within for those things in which they agree, instead of looking without for those in which they differ, and to turn to that one source of universal harmony which consists, not in the adoption of the same dogmas or the establishment of the same forms, but in the powers and the tendencies that belong alike to all, that are in communion with the divine nature, and constitute the humanity that distinguishes us from meaner animals. It is this propensity to look at man as an object of affectionate interest independently of any lowliness of station, except in so far as the external circumstances may have influenced the general development of the character, which would commonly be referred to as the greatest and worst peculiarity of Wordsworth. But it is in truth so intimately connected with the general tendencies of his mind and spirit of his philosophy, that it is impossible to refer to it without advocating or opposing all those principles which guide his mode of treating other matters. His general intention obviously is to view all existence as actuated by a single purport, and parts of one great harmony. But in the present state of society, whatever men may say, the points to which almost every body attaches a feeling of importance, are those which derive an interest from being mixed up with our own individual selfishness. We do not trouble ourselves about the poor, for thanks to the vagrant act and the standing army they are kept pretty much out of our way. We laugh at the law against cruelty to animals, because it would not be consistent in fox-hunters, and lovers of luxurious eating, to care for a little superfluous suffering among oxen and cart-horses. We make speeches in praise of steam engines and commercial competition, for without these sources of happiness and virtue, where should we get our comforts and our splendors? But we shut our ears to the gasping of decrepit children in the stifling

atmosphere of cotton-mills, and turn away with carelessness from the flood of debasement and misery which rolls along our streets, and overflows into our prisons; while we talk with veneration, the deeper as being indicated rather than expressed, of great capitalists and monied interests. Luther is a fanatic, and Milton a visionary, because the recollection of unselfish zeal is oppressive to the barren littleness, and troublesome to the fat indolence of the age: and to sacrifice any worldly advantage from love either to God or our neighbour is extravagant folly; for it is not required either by the laws or by public opinion. Thus it is, that the vulgar uniformly condemn as absurd any attempt to act from higher motives, or with wider views than they do; and therefore are the hearts of most men as hard as the nether mill-stone to the perception of the vast and glorious unity of design and feeling, at once the object and the fruit of that divine presence in which the universe lives and moves and has its being.

Wordsworth has done immensely more than any English writer of modern times to correct this narrowness and meagreness of feeling. He has seen, that even though the men and women of instructed society, or the rude warriors of the middle ages, the heroes of ancient Greece, or the ruffians of modern Turkey, are in themselves, perhaps, as good materials for poetry as the peasant poor of Cumberland; yet we are prone enough to sympathise with the former classes, and when their thoughts and actions are covered by writers with a varnish of refinement, to deify misanthropy, and fall in love with pollution; but that our affections are cold and dead towards the lowly and the despised, the men who compose the mass of every nation, not arrayed in the renown of splendid crimes; not carried on through a long and uniform career by one absorbing passion; not beings of exaggerated impulses and gigantic efforts; but frail and erring, misguided by vulgar

hopes, and grasping eagerly at momentary objects. We are ready enough to allow that wisdom is treasured up in books; that the thoughts and deeds of the wise and powerful are fit subjects of contemplation; to pour forth our souls in delight at the aspect of armed and towered cities; and to give out the inmost heart of admiration, when we see the thronging armadas of an empire spring forward like the eagle of the deity, to sail before the tempest, and bear the thunder round the globe. We rejoice in the goodness of our own imaginations, and boast ourselves in the might of our own hands. But it is Wordsworth, and such as Wordsworth, who withdraw us from these exultations, to feel the beauty of a pebble or a leaf; to listen to the still small voice which whispers along the twilight streamlet, and murmurs in the sea-side shell; and to lift among the stars a hymn of humble thanksgiving from the crags of lonely mountains. The exuberant sympathies of the poet gush out on every grain of sand; they find a germ of love in every wild-flower of the solitude; they go forth conquering and to conquer, to meet with matter and support even in the dim corners and far wildernesses of creation; but they have their most congenial objects wherever there is a human heart, which the poet may speak to in the tone of a kinsman, and find in it a home for his affections.

These peculiarities of Mr. Wordsworth's mind, as displayed in his writings, spring partly from the essential individuality of his nature, and partly from those tendencies of the time, which he has wisely thought himself called on to oppose. The succession of men of pure and lofty genius is, indeed, a kind of compensation-balance to society; counteracting alike the opposite extremes of its moral temperature. To the demands of this the appointed office of great men, we may in some degree refer one of the especial points of interest in Mr. Wordsworth's disposition and powers. He seems to have

scarcely any propensity to increase his knowledge or sharpen his apprehension of the every-day doings of worldly men. He loves to repose upon meditation, or only to send forth the mind for the purpose of contemplating the beauty of the material world, or of studying man in the individual; instead of mingling actively with the busy life of society. He pours into his personages the strong life and moving breath of genius, but they have little of the air of the mart or the farm-yard. They have, indeed, all that which is so completely wanting in the heroes of Lord Byron, the absolute truth of being, the nature which is so uniform under so many varieties; they are made up of the elements of universal, but want the accidents of social, humanity. Wordsworth appears to take no pleasure in watching the entangled threads of passion which bind together crowds with such many-coloured, yet scarcely distinguishable feelings. He retires from the conflict of mingled and heterogeneous interests. He loves to muse by winding rivers; but the tumultuous current of men's ordinary motives has little for his contemplation. He delights to gaze upon cities; but it is when "all that mighty heart is lying still." He cares not to trace through all the eagerness of men's selfish pursuits, a subtle vein of better feeling; or to look with keen and searching eye upon the follies and fluctuations of society. He has, therefore, no dramatic power whatsoever, and would probably fail completely in the simplest form of tragedy; while comedy is entirely out of the question. In all this he is directly the opposite of his greatest contemporary poet, Goëthe, who seems to take almost equal pleasure in the study of every class of human character, and to delight in tracing the involutions of cunning or the rush of crime; at least, as much as in observing and sympathizing with pure and lofty excellence. Goëthe, moreover, is peculiarly shrewd and philosophical in detecting the action and

re-action of social circumstances on individual character, the intertwining of good and evil motive, and the most delicate and apparently causeless shades of capricious selfishness. The difference of the two minds is, perhaps, wisely ordained. For the practical and working Englishman will be benefited and improved by those aspirations to invisible good, and inward perfection, towards which the Germans are already far more generally inclined. Whether the German is or is not too abstracted a being, may admit of dispute; but there can be little doubt that the Englishman is vastly too much engrossed with the casual business of the hour. His thinking is far too completely guided by the multiplication-table and the foot-rule.

This fondness for the actual and the outward, this tendency to wrap ourselves up in the petty interest of the moment, is opposed by the whole strain of Wordsworth's poetry. He diffuses his affections over every thing around him; and lets them be restricted by no arbitrary limits, and confined within no sectarian enclosures. He looks round upon the world and upon man with eyes of serene rejoicing; and traces all the workings of that spirit of good, of whose influence he is conscious in his own heart. But from his want of that mastery over forms which was never possessed so perfectly by any one as by Shakspeare, he cannot make so intelligible to all men, as he otherwise might, the depth and value of his own feelings. This has prevented his works from becoming more powerful instruments than they can for ages be, in diffusing the free philosophy and catholic religion so conspicuous throughout his writings. For those, however, who really wish to understand the mind, and sympathise with the affections, of this glorious poet, there is nothing in his works of rugged or ungrateful. The language is the most translucent of atmospheres for the thought. The illustrations are furnished by a sensibility of perception

which has made his memory a storehouse of substantial riches. The images are moreover the types of none but the truest and most healthy feelings; and the ethics of this most philosophical Christian may all be summed up in the one principle of love to God and to his creatures.

Like those angels who are made a flame of fire, he burns with a calm and holy light, and the radiance which shows so strange amid the contrasted glare and blackness of the present, will blend with the dawning of a better time as with its native substance.

JOHN ROSE, THE GAUGER.

THE rapid change which has, since the alteration of the feudal system, taken place in the Highlands of Scotland, has swept into oblivion the peculiarities of a whole people; and thus the history of the world has lost many singular touches of character, of which there is now nothing to recal the remembrance.

Had the Highlanders been fortunate enough to possess a Walter Scott, who could have caught enough hold of the varied colours of their evening sky, just as the sober grey of forgetfulness was beginning to come over them, a good deal would have been added to the library of intellectual pleasure. There has been none such, however. Sir Walter's Highlanders are, with the single exception of Evan Dhu Maccombish, Borderers; and now the character has vanished altogether; and the Highlander does not differ much from the Lowlander, excepting that his dwelling is more humble, and his fare more homely. A double emigration has visited that once singular land: the strong have gone from the country, and the country has gone from the weak; and, whether in the glens of Lochaber, or the wilds of Canada, the Highlander lays down his bones in a land of strangers. Whenever a touch of Highland history, or of Highland character, can be given, it may therefore, always be considered as something saved from absolute forgetfulness.

In those lonely wilds, the gauger, or exciseman, was, some thirty years ago, a man of many woes. The sending him thither could not be with

any view to augmenting the revenue of the country; for, in many of the "divisions," and those too, in which there was no want of "dew upon the heather," the whole of the levies and seizures did not bring half the gauger's salary. The real causes were, to enable the great distillers in the south to continue their monopoly, and to add to the patronage of that party, to which Scotland happened for the time being, to be farmed by the minister. The people of the mountains, who though a plain, were a very shrewd people, saw this well; and therefore they considered playing tricks upon the gauger, as being a virtue rather than a vice. When, too, the gauger was a man of sense and feeling, he could not help seeing the total uselessness of his labours for any public purpose, either political or moral; and thus the gauger became, in many places, the protector of illicit distillation, by keeping more prying persons out of the district.

All, however, were not of this forbearing character; and of these, one was John Rose, the gauger, who was, as the story goes, for a considerable time, the execration of all the whiskey-loving inhabitants of the remote and romantic valley of Strathglass; or rather of that still more remote and romantic dell which lies above that most picturesque of all cascades, the *Ess nan Phidaich*, or the "Raven's Linn," upon, I forget what brawling mountain stream.

I do not mean to say that the "dew distillers" of this singular place were much disturbed by John

in their fastnesses above the cascade; for there nature had defended them in her strongest manner. As one ascended the torrent, there was on the left a forest thick with pines, and interrupted by lakes and marshes; and, on the right, a succession of crag rising over crag, in such a manner that no human being, or indeed wing-less thing of any sort, could attempt to descend, without the certainty of being dashed to pieces. In those crags, the ravens, from which the cascade takes its appropriate cognomen, build their eyries, and rear their ravenous brood, despite the muttered vengeance of the neighbouring shepherds, whose flocks are made to pay tithes to those dark-nested gentry, and in contempt of the efforts of the most daring hunters.

Nor is the place more accessible from the source of the torrent that lies distant in the summit of a mountain, which can be passed with difficulty by the most adventurous traveller; and even though the road that way were easy, it is long,—full thirty miles to go, and twenty to return; and though John Rose might have continued to make the former part of the journey upon his poney, in about two days, it would have taken him at least an equal time to perform the latter on foot, in a place where peat and heather would have been both his bed and his board. Besides, though John had undertaken this long and perilous journey, and though there had been no chance of his meeting “the braw M’Craws,” bringing tea and tobacco from the west coast to barter for that dew, of which he wished to prevent the circulation and influence; and against whom, if he had happened to meet them, the insurance of his safe return would have been full cent per cent upon his value; the alarm would have been given, and John would have been drubbed and driven back, long before he had reached the place of his desires.

In the fourth quarter, or from the Strath, the approach is more terrific, because all the terrors of it are

huddled into a small compass and seen at once. The waterfall shot from a height of about seventy feet, and the precipitous rock on each side, had an elevation of at least twice as much more; so that to have gained the top, John must have climbed like the mountain cat, or soared like the raven. There was, indeed, one little path, (if path it could be called,) in which one had to creep in the dark below fallen fragments of the rock, for some ten feet at a time, and through a crevice of about two feet in diameter, in which there was no knowing what might be concealed; and in which the gripe of a mountain-cat, or a mountaineer, would have been alternatives equally fearful and fatal to John Rose. Nor was this all; for, just as one approached the falling sheet of water, and was drenched by the spray, and made dizzy by the motion and the din, one stood upon scanty and slippery footing, and looked down upon a tremendous cauldron of black and tumbling water, full fifty feet below, of which no one could see the entrance or the outlet for the overhanging and frightful crags, and of which no man knew, or felt disposed to fathom, the depth.

Into this abyss would John Rose have been compelled to look, after he had overcome the perils of the passage formerly mentioned; and not only would he have had to cast upon it, what would have been fatal to most men under such circumstances, a passing look; but he would have had to hang suspended over it for some time, to ruminate upon the still greater peril which then presented itself. At the point where one comes so near to the fall, that the spray makes sight difficult, and footing and grasp impossible to any thing but naked feet, and hard hands which have long been inured to cling to the rock, as a fly does to the window, or a boy’s “sucker” to a pebble—being pressed down at the sides, and drawn up in the middle by that peculiar action of the muscles which the hands and feet of climbers of rocks acquire,

without the owner being able to tell how,—just at that point, a plate of schistus, of much harder texture than the rest, projects about two feet forward, and overhangs from an elevation, to the top of which one dares not look up.

It is true that, upon the edge of this curtain of rock, there is a little step, or indenture, of the depth of about three inches; and it is also true, that one who knows the other side of the rock can grasp it with perfect security, and, by dexterously “changing step” and making a spring, land upon a stony platform on the other side, where all is safe, and where there is a natural parapet, to protect one equally from the gulf and the cataract. At the same time it is equally true, that no one who has seen only one side of the rock, could easily prevail on himself to pass it either way, though those on the other side were making their every effort to encourage and aid him. Much less could John Rose, the gauger, against whom every vengeance was vowed, and every hostility carried on, dare to make the attempt, where one child of ten years old might have stood in safety and silence, and plunged ten thousand gaugers, *seriatim*, into the abyss, whence they would have been carried, the Lord knows where.

In consequence of these formidable barriers in the way, John Rose, the gauger, could not interfere with the distillation of the dew; and thus his operations were confined to intercepting the malt, and seizing the spirits when made, and in the act of being conveyed to other parts of the district; operations in which, from the numbers and determination of the escorts, John had usually more broil than profit. He used to watch in the neighbourhood, however; and when the wind set down the dell, he has often been seen snuffing up the scent of that which he could not reach; or eyeing the operations, as a cat eyes a sparrow on an inaccessible twig.

Often did John Rose linger about

the place; but that which, if he could have reached it, would have given him a little profit to console him for the banterings and bangs to which he was forced to submit, and, what was his grand object, have recommended him to a more lucrative and less perilous district, was quite inaccessible; and though John Rose could see the blue smoke curling through the crevices, and though the breeze came perfumed with the fragrance of the dew, yet not on one thimbleful of it could he set the broad arrow of the king.

So totally unproductive was John's district, that his superiors began to hint that he was in league with the illicit distillers, and cognizant of the spoliation of that revenue; upon which he was, at the same time, a dead weight to the full amount of his salary. To John Rose, the most zealous of gaugers, to him whose days were spent in watching and his nights in dreaming of that prey, which, had he been ten John Roses, he could not have reached, this was a most bitter accusation; and the bitterness was deepened by the reflection that it would lead to his dismissal; and John Rose, the gentleman gauger, would have to sink down into the laborious ditcher, which was his calling before he was united in holy wedlock with the handmaid of parson Rory; and soon thereafter made to taste the sweets of patriarchal blessedness.

Out of this unpleasant predicament, John Rose was determined to work himself, or perish in the attempt. But how to do the former, and avoid the latter, was the rub. The fatal rock and the yawning gulf, the dreary forest, the stupendous height of Mam Suil, the everlasting ice of Loch na' Nuin; with the crags, the wild cats, and worse than all, the cudgels and dirks of the Chisholms, beset the place in formidable array. He thumped and scratched the outside of his cranium, to stimulate his organ of investigation; and he kept cannonading the same with snuff, pinch after pinch, till resolution came

upon him to thread the mazes of the forest.

Arming himself with pistols and provend, he began his journey at midnight, and ere grey dawn he was on the outskirt of the forest, and had the satisfaction of being secured against the heat of the sun, by that close and cooling investure, a Scotch mist; which, at the same time that it watered him copiously for his journey, so circumscribed his vision, that it did not extend beyond the next pine. If you take a kitchen-poker, which has stood for some time by the fire (if leaning southward all the better,) give it two or three smart taps on the floor, to shake out any disturbed polarizations that may be in it; and then holding it as nearly as you can in the direction and dip of the magnetic needle, bring the south or upper end of it near the north of a compass, it would attract the said north very powerfully. But if you then, holding the south where it was, reverse the poker by turning it over, and making that which was the south the north, the north point of the compass will fly, and the whole will be reversed. Those who have been in the habit of travelling in a trackless country, get a compass in their heads. How it comes there one cannot very well tell: but it does come, and clear or cloudy, day or night, it points out the direction with wonderful accuracy. Nature sometimes reverses this compass, without any application of a poker; and so powerful is the impression, that when under its influence, one can hardly persuade one's-self that the midday sun is not due north. What influence the whiskey that John Rose took with him and in him, in order that it might instinctively go to that of which he was in quest, might have had in the matter, there is no knowing; but certain it is that the compass in John's head got sadly out of sorts; and through the live-long day he could not get out of the forest, unless at the point where he entered, to which he came unintentionally more than twenty times; so that, when evening

came, there was nothing for John Rose but to make the best of his way home.

The best of a disappointed man's way is not very good, even in the best kept thoroughfare in the world; and those who have had the fortune to be alone in the dark upon the hills of Strathglass, need not be told that the best of John Rose's way, was nothing to be desired or boasted of.

The physical perils in his way were not small; pits, precipices, pools, cataracts, and quagmires; besides the unpleasant yelling of the wild cats, on all sides of him, the sharp bark of the fox upon the hill, and the ear-piercing boom of the bittern from the mire. There were metaphysical alarms too. John was deeply imbued with the superstitions of his country: he heard the mocking neigh of the "water kelpie" through the mournful wail of the falling stream; and that fellest of imps the *ignis fatuus*, was ever and anon holding up his lantern, to lure John Rose into all sorts of dangerous places.

Still John tottered and trembled on, mingling prayers and curses, till he came to a place more tangled and wild than any he had yet encountered. Here a real light glared upon him for a moment, and as its last flicker stole from him, the little glimmer that the stars cast through the fog, there glided past, plain to his vision, that horrible apparition, the *Bhodaich Ghlais*, the certain harbinger of death. John yelled out; forward he sprang, and the next instant he was many fathoms under the earth, not much stunned by the fall, but so hurt with heat and smoke and sulphur, that he verily believed that he had passed the doom of which the *Bhodaich* had warned him, and entered upon his final retribution in the place of woe.

A gripe like that of a tiger was upon his throat; a dagger gleamed over him; and a voice which made the earth rock again, exclaimed, "Are you Shohn Rose, ta gauger?"

"A-ay." "Tid ony poty saw you come in?" "No-a." "Then," flourishing the dagger, and dashing John on the floor, "tam ta one shall saw you go out!" The heart of John sank within him, and his recollection did not return till he found himself at the door of his own house, with a whole skin, but bound hand and foot; and so heartily tired of Strathglass, and of those dens of distillation which he had been unable to reach with his will, but had reached against it, that he applied to Rory, his patron, and soon took his departure for another district, amid the jeers and hootings of the people.

John Rose next set up his staff upon the west coast of the Highlands. It seems, however, that he was destined to give additional force to the proverb, "If you flee from fate it will follow;" for the rumour of John's zeal outran him, and the story of the subterranean distillery, the *Rhodaich Ghlais* and the dirk, met him on his arrival. He was now, however, in a more open country; there was a company of volunteers, whom he could call upon on any emergency; and, backed by them, John Rose had still hopes, that his zeal would be crowned with success, and lead to that promotion which was the operating principle in all his exertions.

In those days, the people on the west coast of the Scotch Highlands were annually supplied with brandy, tea, claret, and various other excisable commodities, by a smuggling cutter, which came nominally from Guernsey, but which, in reality, was the property of Highlanders, and navigated by a Highlander who knew every creek and bay on the coast. This vessel had carried on her contraband trade for many years, without once having been encountered by the custom-house yacht, which generally contrived to stand off in the direction of the Orkney and Shetland Isles, until the cargo was landed, and the cutter gone.

John Rose resolved to make this same cutter the lever which was to hoist him up to the desired elevation;

and from the day of his taking up his abode in his new district, his whole wishes and wits were at work, devising means by which he should seize the cutter. Upon the high seas he had no means of getting, and therefore he had to wait till the prize should come to him; and as his district was the last at which the cutter touched, the capture was delayed, and the value diminished. There is nothing that spins time to such an unbearable length as expectation; but even expectation does not spin it out for ever.

Many a long and weary day did John Rose nestle upon the highest summit of the peninsula—looking wistfully toward the whole sea part of the horizon; and many a fishing-boat from Barra to the Clyde, and kelp-sloop from the Long Island for Liverpool, cheated his expectation ere there was any news of the cutter. The cutter did come, however, at last, and had been snugly laid up in a little creek for several days before John Rose was apprized of the fact. When that came to his ears, he called the assistance of his reluctant soldier-craft, the volunteers, and, encircling them behind a knoll which was covered with coppice, he directed them to rush forward when he should give the signal. They, or some one else, had, however, given the signal before him; and so, though he went in the costume of a mendicant, the better to conceal his purpose till the proper time came, those on board had notice of his quality and intentions.

John Rose was received with a frankness which, if it had not been for the value of the prize, would have unmanned him for his project; and his spirits were somewhat damped by the array of pikes, pistols, and cutlasses which he saw. No pike was brought to the charge, however, no pistol was cocked, and no cutlass was grasped; the people on board were swinging almost the last tub of brandy overboard; and the weapons of death lay by as harmless as if John Rose had the power of charming

them into wreaths of myrtles, roses, and the olive. "They do not know me now, but they shall know me by and by," whispered John Rose to himself: John was a true prophet, but he did not know it.

Upon the deck of the vessel, there was a small cask of the choicest cogniac, in which there was a crane, and to which a small silver jug was attached. It caught John's attention; and forthwith, as if by magic, he was seated on a camp stool, and the fascinating chalice was at his lips. It was nectar and ambrosia. John Rose quaffed and quaffed again; and at the seventh age of the draught, he essayed to rise for the purpose of

making his signal; but the heels of John only rose; the head fell; the cutter sheered out, and sailed with the tide; and when the senses of John Rose came back to him, he was in the wide Atlantic with not even a distant peak in sight. Drowning or something worse was his anticipation; but John Rose was not destined to have his exit in that element. They stood across the Bay of Biscay, and landing him at Courrunna, gave him dollars to the value of five pounds. With no language, save Gaelic and Scotch, he plodded his way to Oporto; and from thence he returned to England, where he ceases to be matter of history.

THE MURDER.

DURING the middle of last summer, I was travelling through the delightful provinces in the east of France. Thus agreeably engaged, I frequently availed myself of the delicious fragrance which pervaded the mild evenings of the month of August, and wandered alone amidst the splendid scenery on the banks of the Rhine. On one occasion, I strayed mechanically towards the village of Houssen, situated near Colmar. The sun had already set, though a glowing streak of red still marked its departure in the west; while, from the opposite horizon, the moon, like a timid, blushing nymph, rose from out the silvery clouds. The Queen of Night gradually rose, and pursued her course uninterrupted through the azure vault of heaven, or occasionally rested on an accumulated mass of clouds, whose broken shapes and shades likened them to the lofty summits of snow-topped mountains. Her mild and dawning light rapidly assumed a vivid brilliancy, which glittered through the foliage of the trees, and illumined the deepest recesses of the wood, or played upon the waters of the noble stream which flowed through the plain. I contemplated with delight

this enchanting scene. The sky was clear, the air calm and serene, and the rays of the moon broke through the darkness with their pale light; the freshness of the night fell upon the earth and cooled its burning heat; the husbandman had long left his labour, and retired to his peaceful dwelling: all was tranquillity and repose, and no sound was heard, save the mournful cry of birds of prey, the distant step of some lonely traveller, or the hollow roar of the impetuous waters, as they dashed upon the rocks in their course.

I sat at the foot of a tree, and looked with wonder and delight upon the sublime scene that lay before me, and my thoughts were of the hidden Being who had created such works of grandeur; I was absorbed with these reflections, when the hour of one struck from the church of Houssen and warned me to retire.

I rose and walked slowly away; as I came near a bridge at a short distance from Colmar, I saw something like a human figure stretched in the road, and, on approaching the spot, found it really was a man lying senseless. At this moment I heard the noise of an approaching carriage; it was the Strasburg mail, and was

driving exactly in the direction of the body. I called to the postillion, but either he heard me not or the horses ran away; for the carriage proceeded with redoubled speed, and, soon after, I heard the crush of the wheels passing over the head of the unfortunate being in the road. I hastened towards him to give every assistance in my power, but, alas, he had ceased to exist.

It was now between two and three o'clock, I removed the corpse to the road-side, and proceeded with all haste towards Colmar. I informed the officer on guard at the gate of the city, of the event which I had just witnessed; and we were preparing to return to the spot, where the disaster had taken place, when a person, covered with rags and tatters, entered the guard-house, and surrendered himself a prisoner, declaring, at the same time, that he had just assassinated a man. I looked at this unhappy being; he was in the prime of life, about the middle size, but much emaciated. The extreme paleness of his face was still more conspicuous, from the jet black hair which nearly covered his forehead. His look was steadfast, and his countenance bore the character of profound melancholy, and fixed resignation. There was something in his whole appearance so unusual and so unlike guilt, that he inspired me with compassion, rather than with horror. I was present when he was brought before the authorities to be examined: he said his name was Joseph Ignatius Platz, a native of Switzerland; that he was on his return from Russia, where he had lived for several years in a situation little removed from slavery. Forsaken by the whole world, and reduced to the necessity of begging his bread, he had become weary of the wretched existence to which he was doomed, and had formed the resolution of committing some crime which should induce the laws of his country to relieve him from the burthen of life, which he was no longer able to sup-

port. He said, that he had, on the preceding evening, on the road to Strasburg, near Colmar, between the hours of eleven and twelve, met a man uttering dreadful imprecations, that he had seized the stranger's stick and beat him over the head until he fell down dead, and that he was now come to deliver himself up to justice, to punish his atrocity and rid him of a weary existence.

The spot this unhappy man described as the scene of his guilt, was precisely that on which I had found the lifeless body of the man who had been crushed by the Strasburg mail. I was also present at an inspection of the corpse of the murdered man, who was a Jew, named Heyman, well known in Colmar, where he had spent the day on the second of August: the murder was committed on the third. The surgeon who examined the body observed, that, according to my report, the head had been crushed by the wheel of a carriage, but whether his death was occasioned by that circumstance, or whether Heyman had ceased to live previous to that accident, it was almost impossible to decide. He was, however, of opinion, that, had he been dead any length of time, at the period of the wheel passing over his head, the effusion of blood would have been less abundant; that some would have flowed through the apertures of the fractured bones; but that the large wound in the face would probably have been less liable to such copious bleeding.

This declaration enlightened immediately my mind; I hastened to the prison in which the wretched Platz was confined, and, by dint of persuasions and entreaties, I prevailed on the unfortunate man to acknowledge that he had not committed the murder of which he had accused himself. "You have extorted my secret from me," said he, looking steadfastly at me, "do not divulge it; do not take from me the hope of being soon in presence of my Judge, my Creator, my God;" and he took

up a small prayer-book that he had laid down on a seat, on my entering, knelt down before an image of Christ, which he had fixed to the wall, and shedding a flood of tears, and striking his head against the walls of his cell, he began to read aloud the psalms of the dead.

I hastened to inform the magistrates of the confession which the unfortunate Platz had made; one of my friends was entrusted with his defence, and we succeeded, by our entreaties, in making him promise to tell the whole truth before the Court. "Then I am again to be condemned to live," said he bitterly; "why will you restore me to an existence that I abhor?" We tried to reconcile him to life. "You have not only exchanged the inhospitable climate of Russia," said his generous defender, "for the soft sky of France, but you have passed from the station of a slave, to that of a man. Will not this give you a claim to the assistance and sympathy of your fellow-men? Many will succour you without your knowing the hand that supports you; many a generous heart will seek to bind you to existence by the tie of gratitude; and you will then bless the day that gave you for judges humane and noble-minded men." Platz shook his head doubtfully, and we left him to prepare his defence.

The trial was fixed for the seventh of December. As a witness, I was obliged to be present; the Court was crowded, and, in the countenances of those present, there was more of pity than of that feeling of horror which crime generally inspires. Platz was brought to the bar of the accused; he bowed his head before the image of Christ placed over the President's chair; and, after making several times the sign of the cross, he sat down, and it was evident from the motion of his lips that he was praying.

"Platz," said the President, addressing the accused, "you stand charged with having committed a murder."

Platz, (inclining his head,) replied, "God's will be done!"

The President continued—"You have several times declared that you were guilty of the crime."

Platz rejoined—"I have said so, it is true, but I am not guilty; my declaration was contrary to truth; I am indeed a sinner, a wicked man, but I have not committed this murder."

"Then," asked the President, "why did you accuse yourself?"

Never, perhaps, was man placed in so singular, nay, unprecedented, a situation, as that in which the counsel for the unfortunate Platz now found himself. "Can it," said he, addressing himself to the Jury with enthusiastic warmth, "can it, gentlemen, be for a moment asserted, that the accusation preferred against this unhappy man, is supported by any forcible testimony? Is there a strong mass of presumptive evidence, to bewilder your judgment and excite suspicions in your mind which it becomes me to remove? Who are the accusers at this awful tribunal? One, and one only, and that is the wretched Platz himself. His evidence alone supports the impeachment; he alone endeavours to baffle every effort of his defenders, and to devote himself to an ignominious, though welcome death. What witnesses appear against him?—None—the only testimony of his guilt is his own acknowledgment, and that is made under the influence of a morbid and melancholy state of mind. Numerous circumstances are in positive contradiction to this avowal, and contribute to render it in the highest degree improbable. When I reflect, (continued the counsel, in a tone of voice calculated to excite the most sympathetic emotion,) on a condemnation passed upon such proof or rather want of proof, I am naturally inclined to revert to those days, when a Judge pronounced sentence of death on the wretched criminal whose confession of guilt had been extorted by the application of torture: yet even these unfortunate beings had

an advantage over my unhappy client; they could, by summoning all their energies to their aid, for a short period, resist the agonies of the wheel. But where is the mind endowed with sufficient fortitude to endure torture for a series of years? when each successive day brings with it a renewal of hopeless grief, with no diminution of suffering, no consolatory redaction to mitigate the pang. We are all aware, how the strongest mind must sink under such baneful influence; how enviable the repose of the tomb must then appear, and with what eagerness it would be sought. And are not the means pursued by this unhappy man the most likely to effect his purpose? I shudder when I call to your attention, that, if prisoners are condemned on their own confession alone, the hand of Justice must frequently become the instrument of suicide."

This discourse of my learned friend excited strong emotion in his auditors, many of whom were bathed in tears. Platz alone remained unshaken, and seemed to regret that he should still be compelled to endure life. When the President, however, re-commenced the examination, he threw himself on his knees, and began to pray. "What a lesson," said the eloquent magistrate, "would the present scene afford to those whose illiberal and selfish minds would deprive the lower classes of society of the benefits arising from the diffusion of knowledge: what a striking example of the evils of their doctrine! Ignorance perverts the most valuable precepts of morality, as well as the most sacred laws of religion, which forbid us to quit the post in which the Almighty has placed us, until it shall please him to relieve us; and, if any wretched being presumes to relinquish his life and his fate, however miserable, and rush unbidden into the presence of his Creator, he becomes liable to the just anger of his offended God. The unhappy pri-

soner is not ignorant of this sacred law; his memory acknowledges it, but his reason is no guide in the fulfilment of it; deprived of the light of education, he is led astray by the errors of superstition. Thus, he acts in direct opposition to the very law that he considers most sacred; although armed with the most ferocious resolution against his own life, he dares not sacrifice it himself, lest he should provoke the anger of his heavenly Judge; he has, however, recourse to the dreadful expedient of compelling his fellow-creatures to inflict death upon him. To effect this, he has rendered himself guilty, either of an actual crime, or a wilful falsehood, and, should he appear in the presence of the Almighty, stained with the blood of his fellow-man, the judicial sentence will still leave some space between the commission of the deed and the hour of atonement; wherein he may endeavour by prayers and repentance to obtain the divine mercy. If, on the other hand, he has proclaimed himself guilty of an imaginary crime, he deceives himself even still more palpably. He thinks he has escaped perdition, because, by not being his own executioner, he has cast the guilt upon the judge, who, by means of his artifice, will have passed an unjust sentence upon him, which to you, gentlemen, as well as myself, would be a source of endless regret. With you, however, it rests, he continued, addressing the jury, to decide to which of these expedients the prisoner has had recourse."

After a short deliberation, the unfortunate prisoner Platz was acquitted unanimously by the jury, and a subscription was immediately made for him among the members of the Bar. I watched him closely when the acquittal was pronounced; he clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven; then he leaned his head upon the crucifix, and his gesture was that of perfect resignation.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

THE voice of Spring—the voice of Spring !

I hear it from afar !

He comes with sunlight on his wing,

And ray of morning's star :—

His impulse thrills through rill and flood,

It throbs along the main ;

'Tis stirring in the waking wood,

And trembling o'er the plain !

The cuckoo's call, from hill to hill,

Announces he is nigh :—

The nightingale has found the rill

She loved to warble by :

The thrush to sing is all athirst,

But will not, till he see

Some sign of him—then out will burst

The treasured melody !

He comes—he comes !—Behold, behold

That glory in the east

Of burning beams of glowing gold,

And light by light increased !

Already Earth unto her heart

Inhales the genial heat—

Already, see the flowers start

To beautify his feet !

The violet is sweetening now

The air of hill and dell :

The snow-drops, that from Winter's brow,

As he retreated, fell,

Have turned to flowers, and gem the bowers

Where late the wild storm whirled ;

And warmer rays, with lengthening days,

Give verdure to the world.

The work is done ;—but there is ONE,

Who has the task assigned,—

Who guides the serviceable sun,

And gathers up the wind ;

Who showers down the needful rain

He measures in his hand ;

And rears the tender-springing grain,

That joy may fill the land.

The youthful Spring—the pleasant Spring !

His course is forward now :—

He comes with sunlight on his wing,

And beauty on his brow :

His impulse thrills through rill and flood,

And throbs along the main—

'Tis stirring in the waking wood,

And trembling o'er the plain !

I'D BE A POETESS.

IMITATED FROM BAYLEY'S " I'D BE A BUTTERFLY."

I'd be a poetess gifted with song,

Ranging the valley, the hill, and the grove ;

And, as I wandered the woodlands among,

Waking the echoes to music and love.

Beauty and honours to some may belong,

Some the bright sunshine of glory may prove ;

I'd be a poetess gifted with song,

Waking the echoes to music and love.

I'd have a dear little isle of my own,

Free from the blights and the tempests of life ;

Love in the midst should establish his throne,

Splendent with hope and with happiness rife.

I would leave beauty and honours alone,

Beauty and honours but lead us to strife ;—

I'd be a poetess placed on a throne,

Splendent with hope and with happiness rife.

Far from the world, from its joys and its fears,

Thus would I live in my own little isle ;

And if the summer-rose woke amid tears,

Zephyr should kiss them away, with a smile.

Wealth her proud palaces vainly uprears,

Splendour and wealth seldom come without guile ;—

I'd be a poetess deeming such tears

Life's richest dowry, so Love wept the while.

SUMMER MOON.

'Tis a bright Summer moon ; along the shore

Float the white seamews rapturously ; the grove,

Responsive to the small birds' song of love,

Is murmurous with sweet sound. But ah ! no more

Come bright skies to me, as they came of yore,

When youth's Elysian cestus girdled all

The visible world, and every object bore

The trace of what Earth was before Man's fall.

Yet pleasant is the green-sward ; bright the day ;

And musical hoar Ocean, as he raves

With a majestic voice among his caves.

But Memory heedeth not : and far away

Turns to calm sunshine sleeping on the graves

Of Joys that perish'd in life's morning ray.

RURAL SCENERY.

RECEDED hills afar of soften'd blue,

Tall bowing trees, through which the sun-
beams shoot

Down to the waveless lake, birds never mute ;

And wild-flowers all around of every hue.

Sure 'tis a lovely scene : There, knee-deep,
stand,

Safe from the fierce sun, the o'ershadow'd kine,

And, to the left, where cultured fields expand,

Mid tufts of scented thorn, the sheep recline :—

Lone quiet farmsteads, haunts that ever please,

Oh, how inviting to the wanderer's eye

Ye rise on yonder uplands, mid your trees

Of shade and shelter ! Every sound from these

Is eloquent of peace, of earth, and sky,

And pastoral beauty, and Arcadian ease.

PRINCE YPSILANTI.

ON leaving the baths of Carlsbad, in Bohemia, which are constantly thronged by visitors from all parts of Europe in quest of pleasure or health, I stopped for a short time at Egra and at Wunsiedel. I then proceeded to Alexandrebad, in the circle of the Upper Maine, in Bavaria, a place celebrated for its picturesque situation, and the recollections which the King and Queen of Prussia left behind them, when they visited the town during the first year of their marriage.

I entered Alexandrebad one fine spring evening, and without thinking about the mineral spring, which owes its reputation to the Margrave Alexander, or the castle, in which nothing either useful or agreeable has been forgotten, I procured a guide, and repaired immediately to the mountain of Louisaburg, which was the object of my journey, and I soon had an opportunity of admiring one of the most surprising and picturesque scenes which, perhaps, the face of nature presents.

There is, no reason for supposing that Louisaburg has, at any former period, been convulsed by volcanic eruptions, and the most plausible conjecture respecting these huge masses of rock, which seem to be rolling down in one uniform direction, is that they have been produced by those torrents which descended from the heavens at the general flood, recorded in the traditions of all nations.

These masses of rock having become consolidated by time, trees and shrubs have taken root in their interstices. Mosses of various species, and creeping and parasite plants, fill up the clefts of the rock, and line these natural grottos. This wild vegetation produces the most beautiful effects, and creates changes which rise with magical rapidity before the eye of the observer at every step he advances.

Pursuing my ascent up the mountain, beside a range of white birch trees elegantly cut, I reached a wall of rock, which appeared to be an insurmountable barrier to further advancement, for it bore the inscription *nec plus ultra*, dated 1794. It was not till the year 1805, that there was discovered beneath this huge block of granite, the entrance to a cavern which served the Knights of Luxemburg to mark their place of concealment.

Above the ruins of this proud tower, now rises a modest hermitage, roofed with thatch and surmounted by an expiatory cross. On this spot, which was once the scene of crime and boisterous mirth, nothing is now heard but those expressions of admiration and pleasure excited by the interesting scenes which crowd upon the eye of the spectator. The remains of the ancient walls of the castle are overspread with vegetation. The wild strawberry presents its scarlet fruit to the thirsty traveller, while a variety of sweet-smelling herbs and plants diffuse their fragrance over those banks of turf, which perhaps were once bedewed with the tears of misfortune.

On the left a path, edged with shrubs, leads, by the ascent of a few steps, to a garden which is so closely surrounded on every side with masses of granite, that neither its entrance nor its outlet is perceptible: the elder tree with its brilliant berries, which forms so picturesque an object in other parts of the mountains, flourishes here in remarkable luxuriance; while the lofty pine mingles its foliage with that of the service-tree and the birch. From between the fissures of the natural walls surrounding the garden, the light filaments of a few creeping plants here and there shoot out and cling to the granite. Banks planted with birch trees and bordered with exotics with which the mosses of these mountains seem fondly to commingle, afford an agreea-

ble repose to the eye as well as to the mind, which in these charming solitudes seems to be concentrated within itself. This unlooked-for paradise, situated in a region so wild and so difficult of access, calls to mind those tales of enchantment which amused our childhood. There wants only a genius, and the genius of retirement and recollection is here.

On quitting the garden, the mind, expanded by the contemplation of so many beautiful objects, communicates additional energy to the body, and the summit of Louisaburg is speedily reached. It is surmounted by a large cross, which sheds a cheering influence over the desolate region below, like religion consoling the heart of the afflicted. The cross, being seen from a distance, serves as a guide in the rocky wilderness, and on its lofty site forms an intervening link between the sufferings of earth and the hopes of futurity.

A man wrapped in a cloak was sitting at the foot of the cross, holding in his hand some papers, on which he seemed to have been writing, but which he laid aside at my approach.

At the sound of my footsteps he turned his head towards me, and I recognised Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, the friend of my youth, whom I had not seen since the Congress of Vienna. He rose from his seat and eagerly advanced to meet me. "Dear Ypsilanti," said I, embracing him, "by what chance do I find you here? The fatigue of my pilgrimage is compensated by this unexpected meeting! How happens it that you are in Bavaria, when I thought you were still at St. Petersburg?" "I have been induced," replied the Prince, "from the general state of my health, but more particularly on account of my wounds, to undertake a journey to Carlsbad; besides, I expected to meet here some friends, whom I wish particularly to see. However, as they have not yet arrived, I have

taken advantage of their absence, and made a visit to Louisaburg, which had been justly described to me by the King of Prussia, as one of the most picturesque places in Europe." "And what do you intend to do on quitting Carlsbad?" I inquired. "I know not," replied he, "my plans are not yet determined upon."—"Prince Ypsilanti," I said, "I had reason to expect that you would have reposed greater confidence in me. It is but a few days since I left the Princess Helena S****. She was acquainted with all your views, and knowing the friendship which has existed between us for so many years, she did not hesitate to disclose them to me; and your sudden departure from St. Petersburg was caused, no doubt, by the approach of the period fixed for their execution."—"Pardon my reserve," he said, "for so many and such high interests are connected with my own, that I should not be justified in disclosing secrets which were not entirely personal. But what did the Princess tell you?" "That your object is to deliver your country from the yoke which oppresses it, and to restore Greece in the rank of nations. This is a noble part, a sublime enterprise; but have you well considered the means of putting your plan into execution, and securing its success? Do you think Greece sufficiently prepared for the happy regeneration?" "I entertain no doubts on that point," said Ypsilanti, earnestly clasping my hand. "The dream of my youth," added he, "on the forebodings of which we used to dwell so fondly at St. Petersburg, when Dolgoroski Wielhorski,* you, and I, formed schemes for the future independence of Greece, weighing every possible chance of the consummation of our hopes—that dream, I say, will shortly be realized. Every thing combines to favour the execution of the grand design. I have faithful friends, who, like myself, are

* Michael Wielhorski is the son of the Count of the same name, to whom Rousseau dedicated his "*Considerations Politiques, sur le Gouvernement de Pologne.*"

ready to devote their lives and fortunes to the furtherance of the object; and I may venture to say, that I can count upon the assistance of a powerful Sovereign, in addition to the support naturally to be expected from the Greeks. From all the provinces of that oppressed country, the voice of Liberty is heard; the hands of her people, though laden with chains, are raised towards us. We can no longer turn a deaf ear to this summons, in a cause worthy the support of man, and the protection of heaven; and, if we perish in the attempt, our example, at least, will be followed, and our death avenged."

"Dear Prince," said I, "you are endowed by all that ardent enthusiasm requisite for the success of the enterprise you contemplate; you have lost none of that martial feeling, and that thirst for danger, for which you were distinguished when at Petersburg; but, Ypsilanti, pardon my sincerity, if, while I admire as much now as ever your patriotic devotedness, I venture to point out the danger of your enterprise, and even the improbability of its success." "How!" exclaimed he, "can danger and improbability be weighed against the result which I anticipate? Perhaps, my presence alone may cast the die. Hear me," continued Ypsilanti, "and then judge. From early childhood, I have proudly cherished the hope of setting my country free, and avenging the wrongs of my family, who were basely sacrificed to political suspicion. This hope supported me through a weary apprenticeship to the military profession in Russia, when I filled the rank of ensign in the Guards. It enabled me even to endure the overbearing inso-

lence of men, who were my superiors in rank, though I was far from considering them as even my equals in the world. The hope of living to see the fulfilment of the objects nearest my heart, made me willingly submit to the tyrannical discipline of the emperor's brother, of whose rigid punctilio, the anecdote of the court ball is a sufficient evidence.* The sentiments which took root in my heart at so early an age, were developed and strengthened as I advanced in life, and have never forsaken me, either in the camp or in the court. My mind is incessantly haunted with recollections of my father, basely betrayed by courtiers, who, measuring their ingratitude by the extent of the favours he had conferred on them, solicited and obtained from the Divan his deposition and the sacrifice of his life, which was preserved only by the faithful Arnauts of his guards, who escorted him across the Carpathian mountains to the hospitable court of Alexander. I still see my mother on her death-bed, making me swear eternal hatred to the followers of Islamism, and vengeance on the monsters who went to Constantinople to deliver up her father, the last of the Comeni, into the hands of the executioners. The standard of independence is already unfurled in the principalities of Moldavia and Walachia. Confidential agents are issuing proclamations, to which the inhabitants reply by flying to arms. The Boyards are heading their vassals, and in three days I shall join them. Can you believe that the people will remain deaf to the cry of liberty raised by the son of their Hospodar?" "I know, my friend," I replied, "the reputation and the recollections which your

* While Prince Ypsilanti was dancing a polonaise with Princess Jeannetta Czernestinska, his regimental hat got turned a little to one side. "Ypsilanti, that is not etiquette," said the Grand Duke Constantine as he passed him. The Prince drew his hat over his forehead; but in the second round the hat again got displaced. "Ypsilanti," repeated the Grand Duke in a tone of violent displeasure, "I have already told you that that is not right." In the third round, the unfortunate hat again transgressed the military regulation. The Prince was immediately ordered to leave the ball room, and was sent to prison for three days. "There you may learn," said Constantine, "to wear your hat as you should do."

father has left behind him in the country which he ruled so wisely.* I have myself witnessed the veneration in which his name is held, and the esteem that is entertained for you, since you have, by your own merit, risen to the rank of General in the Russian army. Besides, the Princess Helena has assured me that you will depart, followed by the good wishes of Russia, and even of all Europe. But, Prince, while your generous soul cherishes these flattering hopes, have you weighed the consequences that may attend your project. Success alone will justify the step you meditate; and should a single reverse chill the ardour of your partisans, your enterprise which is now considered as sublime, will be pronounced wild and fanatical, and you will fall a victim to your noble devotedness. For the last thirty years, the French revolution has convulsed the whole of Europe. We have seen a good cause of one day become a criminal cause on the next, and even posterity will judge only from results. But far be it from me to dissuade you from your determination, though I conceive it to be the duty of friendship to warn you against the dangers in which your noble enthusiasm may involve you. Consider how many unsuccessful attempts have already been made for the liberation of Greece. The Empress Catharine, you know, sent Alexis Orloff to the Mediterranean, to attack the Mussulman force. What were the consequences of the expedition to the Peloponnesus? The Greeks, who had been excited to rise by the promises of Russia, were soon cruelly forsaken, and delivered up to the implacable revenge of their irritated masters." "But times are changed," said Ypsilanti; "the cause of Greece is now the cause of Europe. It is the cause of

religion as well as of humanity."

"Certainly," resumed I, "the most revolting pictures have been drawn of the excesses committed by the barbarians in the subjugated provinces. A universal cry of indignation has been raised against them, strong representations have been made to them on the subject of their tyranny; but, notwithstanding all their stupid ignorance, they are persuaded that their political existence is indispensable to the balance of Europe, and it is, in fact, on this account that they have for many years been tolerated in their station on the Bosphorus. Were they driven back into Asia, to whom would the Dardanelles be ceded? Philosophy grieves to be obliged to yield to this political consideration." "What apprehensions do you now disclose!" said the Prince with emotion. "I no longer recognise in you those sentiments which once so perfectly sympathised with mine, and which formed the first links of our affection." "They are not changed, my dear Alexander," I replied, "but a few years such as those which have last passed away, may have matured them sooner than might otherwise have been expected. In this age, life advances rapidly, and I have too often seen cases in which reflection only arrived with the last misfortune. Having been the spectator of many dramatic scenes, I can form some judgment of actors, plots, and denouements; and what I have learned most to distrust, is the appearance of violent enthusiasm, under whatever denomination it may display itself." "Enthusiasm is, however, the parent of great actions. It is like sail to a ship; with too much, a vessel may be foundered; but without, she would never reach her Port."

"Look here, my dear friend," said I, "is not that the town of Wun-

* The Hospodar is perhaps the only Sovereign whose government is regretted after an existence of six years. The following is a trait honourable to a legislator. Having the lives of his subjects at his arbitrary disposal, against which there was no possibility of appeal, and knowing the cruelties which despotism is liable to commit, Ypsilanti decreed, that before the execution of a criminal, the governor of prisons should appear three times in his presence, solemnly repeating the words—"Dost thou persist in shedding human blood?"

siedel?" "Yes, certainly, to the left." "Well, look, do you see that white house surrounded with poplars?" "Well, what of it?" "What of it! That is the birth-place of Sand, whom political fanaticism armed with a poignard to assassinate a defenceless old man, and the blood of Kotzebue—" "What has the shedding of the blood of Kotzebue, or any such useless crime, to do with the deliverance of Greece?" "Unquestionably there is no direct connection between them; but all innovations of this kind commence almost always with massacres; and when Barère said that revolutions are not to be made with luke-warm water, he spoke the plain truth. Besides, all these rings, fastened one into another, are to form an extended chain, of which you are to be the most conspicuous link. Are you able to resist the efforts which will be made to ruin or at least to injure you?" "I hope, supported as I am, by friends zealously devoted to the cause which I embrace, and for which every Greek is ready to shed his blood." "Alas! my dear friend, do you recollect how often, at Petersburg, I have blamed you for judging of others by yourself, when, with all the enthusiasm of an exaggerated recollection, you used to draw such flattering portraits of some of your countrymen. I had not been long at Constantinople, before I was convinced, that, in consequence of the early age at which you left Greece, you had had no opportunity of forming an opinion of its people, except by what you saw in your own family or read in books. It is impossible, indeed, to imagine any thing more degraded than the character of the leading men of the Fanûre,* whose silly vanity prompts them to crawl at the feet of beings whom they despise. I saw enough there to convince me how dangerous it must be to place confidence in corrupt hearts. Finally, in consequence of the state of slavery, in which they have long

existed, I consider them so degenerate, that, like the Israelites of old, they will murmur at their deliverance." "The picture is unfavourable, I will even say, unjust," replied Ypsilanti, with some warmth, "but facts always speak more clearly than arguments, and time is still a better instructor. You will take it for granted, I hope, that I have not acted altogether without reflection: moreover, to settle your friendly doubts, I wish you to return with me to Carlsbad. I will there prove to you, that the plan which I follow is as wisely framed as the cause it will render triumphant is sacred." "Excuse me, Prince, I must leave Alexandrebud this evening, and sleep in Beiruth to-night; but if the affair which calls me thither, should terminate as promptly as I wish it, I promise you to set out for Bohemia before to-morrow night. But be that as it may, in whatever spot I may be, you may rely upon it, that there you have a friend." "Of that I am certain," said Ypsilanti.

We began to descend the mountain, contemplating the astonishing effects of nature which surrounded us. I pressed his arm close to my side, and we walked down without speaking a word. I feared to break the silence, for I was so interested by what I had heard, that any thing I could have said, would have been cold compared to my feelings. When we reached the bottom of the mountain, the sun had set. The flowers exhaled their perfumes, returning the incense of evening to the fine day which had given them life. The bleating of the flocks, and the song of the reapers, gladdened their way to the fold and the hamlet. The shepherd of the valley made the echoes of Louisaburgh resound with his rustic pipe.

"We must now part," said Ypsilanti, and we accordingly took leave of each other; but we soon turned again towards those imposing masses which we were, doubtless, about to

* The quarter of Constantinople inhabited by the Greeks.

abandon forever. "You perceive," said he, "how the most sublime harmony, may arise out of the greatest disorder. Thousands of ages have rolled away since nature, in a prolonged convulsion, threw from her bosom those children of creation; but, in the midst of the frightful crisis, do we not seem to see the hand of the Creator stretched out to stop this incipient germ of general destruction, and commanding the furious elements to be still." "How many profound reflections are awakened by these awful phenomena," said I; "and how well do the convulsions of nature remind us of the dangerous moral convulsions produced by the passions of men! At a former period, Europe, transformed into one vast field of carnage, was visited, from west to east, by all the scourges which ambition drags in her train. Countries were laid waste, towns deserted, industry and trade paralyzed, and the very springs of life and happiness assailed; while Providence seemed to turn a deaf ear to the prayers of supplicating nations. Alas! my dear Prince, do you not tremble to think that a single spark may yet rekindle the volcano, and that the brand of destruction is in your hands?"—"Great crises," said Ypsilanti, "are necessary to temper men's minds, as revolutions are requisite to enlighten them. The moment has arrived for the regeneration of Greece. Ages of glory will yet arise upon my unhappy country; and if I help to raise her from the state of degradation into which misfortune has plunged her, I shall not at least die unremembered. However," continued he, fervently pressing my hand, after a short pause, "I thank you for what you have said. Men's actions are often judged of so unfairly, and the poison of calumny is so unsparingly diffused, that it is not improbable my motives may be falsely interpreted. But you, my friend, you will defend me. You, who know my heart, will not suffer me to be accused of any thing base

and ungenerous. Here is a manuscript, which I entrust to your care. It contains a detail of the principal events of my life, and that of my father, together with the causes by which existing circumstances have been brought about. Among the papers are some official documents. Take them all; and, if I should perish in my enterprise, you will publish them. They will bear evidence of the pure sentiments by which I have been actuated." I received the papers, promising to publish them whenever he might authorize me to do so.

We had now reached the gates of the castle, where my carriage was waiting. I embraced my friend, and my looks, doubtless, informed him how deeply I felt the painful adieu. Alas! I was doomed never to see him more. He was chosen by the Hetaria to direct the enterprise which had for its object the independence of Greece. In January, 1821, he proceeded to Bessarabia, where, conjointly with his friends, he concerted the measures to be adopted. The secret was communicated to Michael Sontzo, the Hospodar of Moldavia, who promised to co-operate in the enterprise to the utmost of his power. Wladimiresko, Boyard of Crayova, joined the cause, at the head of a band of adventurers, of all nations, with whom he ravaged and pillaged Walachia. As the number of his adherents was rapidly augmenting, Ypsilanti thought it time to hasten the execution of his schemes, in concert with Wladimiresko. The Prince next arrived at Jassy, at the head of two hundred Greeks, who had been armed in Bessarabia, and he there published the proclamation, in which he styled himself the agent of Russia, and the leader of the Russian forces. All the Greek adventurers, together with great numbers of Moldavians and Walachians joined him, and he soon formed a corps of four thousand men. Moldavia immediately leagued with him, and Walachia soon after,

and thus supported, he marched to Bucharest, of which he took possession.

The Pashas of the Danube having hastily combined all their disposable troops, sent 20,000 men against Ypsilanti. The Prince, avoiding a general action, retreated slowly to the mountains, which were inaccessible to the Turkish cavalry; but notwithstanding his obstinate resistance, and the military talents he displayed, he was unsuccessful. Betrayed by Wladimiresko, the Prince soon found himself entirely abandoned by his troops. After making a last effort, he perceived the inutility of farther resistance, and in the month of June, 1821, resolved to join his brother Demetrius, who had preceded him in the Peloponnesus. He then crossed the Carpathian mountains, and took the road to Transylvania; but he was arrested by the Austrians, and confined two years in the fortress of Montgat,* in Hungary, and four years and a half in Theresienstadt, in Bohemia.

"Treason ne'er succeeds, and what's the reason?"

When it succeeds, it is no longer treason."

All the efforts of his friends, to procure his liberty, were exerted in vain. A deaf ear was turned to all their prayers, and they soon found it necessary to discontinue farther applications, lest their interference should render his treatment worse. The Emperor Alexander disavowed the enterprise of Ypsilanti, and ordered his name to be struck off the Russian army list. This Prince was then convinced, that in politics to fail is to be criminal. The Admirals who recently beat the Turkish fleet have been loaded with honours,

while he who made a fruitless attempt to subdue them, was loaded with chains.

However, when the three great Powers entered into stipulations for bringing about the pacification of Greece, either by representations, or by force of arms, Russia demanded the liberation of Ypsilanti; but that was only granted on the express condition that he should not leave the Austrian States; and he was then ordered to reside in Verona. Alas! the Austrian clemency came too late. Seven years of suffering had undermined his constitution. In passing through Vienna, on his way to Italy, he fell sick; and, after two months of severe illness, died on the 31st of January last, aged only 36, in the arms of his sister, Princess Rouzomowska, who caused him to be buried with the funeral honours due to his rank, and to the esteem with which he was justly regarded.

As the friend of this unfortunate Prince, I may now publish the papers he entrusted to my care, and remove the thick veil with which a tortuous policy has too long covered its interesting victim. I shall do so; for, perhaps, even the tomb will not protect his memory. Calumny disappears on the death of the obscure, but clings to the urn of the illustrious, and, after ages have passed away, seeks to disturb and degrade their ashes. Ypsilanti, however, had friends during life, and ought not to want defenders after death. Peace to the soul of the departed hero, who devoted his talents, his life, and his fortune, to the defence of his country; and may his memory be revered as long as patriotism, courage, and loyalty, are honoured among men!

* Illustrious but unfortunate names seem to be from age to age associated with Montgat. Prince Bagotaki, and Counts Tekeli and Sereski, the victims of their unsuccessful courage, were long imprisoned in this fortress. But in defending their rights, they had attacked Austria; Ypsilanti, on the contrary, had only combated the enemies of Christianity.

THE MAN WITH THE MOUTH.

"NEVER did I behold such a mouth!" This was my internal exclamation, as I gazed upon the man who sat opposite to me in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. He was an elderly personage—tall, meagre, long-chinned, hook-nosed, pale complexioned, and clothed from top to toe in a suit of black. It was wearing towards twilight, and the noble apartment in which I was seated had been forsaken by all its loungers, save myself and the man who called forth my observation. We were alone, he perusing the Morning Chronicle, I engaged with Blackwood's Magazine. The article I was reading was a capital one. It was—let me see—"Streams,"—that exquisite creation of Christopher North's matchless pen. But admirable as the article might be, it was not so admirable as the man's mouth—who perused the Chronicle. For some time, indeed, there was a combat between the mouth and the article, both soliciting my regards with equal ardour, and compelling me every moment to turn my eyes, first to the one and then to the other. Each possessed a magnetic property; and my mind was, like a piece of iron, reciprocally acted upon by a couple of powerful loadstones. By degrees, however, the balance was destroyed: Ebony either grew weaker, or the mouth stronger; and I was obliged, with a weeping heart, to throw the former aside, and submit myself entirely to the domination of the latter.

It was, in truth, a noble mouth, stretching, in one magnificent sweep, from ear to ear—such a mouth as the ogres of romance must have had, or the whale that swallowed Jonah. I remember the first time when—from the bottom of the stairs leading to the Fountain of Neptune—I beheld the front of Versailles' stupendous palace. One feeling only occupied my mind—that of breathless astonishment—as

the huge fabric rose up before me, in sublime proportion, from the bosom of its matchless garden. Such astonishment—such breathlessness came over me, when my eyes first encountered the man, or rather his mouth. I was more than astonished; I was delighted—delighted, as when stepping into the Sistine Chapel, the grand creations of Michael Angelo, frescoed upon its roof and walls, burst like a glimpse of Paradise upon my tranced spirit. Such was the delight afforded by the mighty mouth: not the man—beloved reader—for men as fair in all respects as he have I often seen. It was not his cheeks, thin as parchment, his nose curved like an eagle's beak, his chin prominent as a bayonet in full charge, or his complexion, pale and lustreless as a faded lily. It was not these—no, reader, it was not these which operated with such wizard power upon me. It was his mouth—that mouth—wonderful as Versailles, and beautiful as the Sistine Chapel—which carried my sympathies away, and led me a captive worshipper at its shrine.

Such were my first impressions on beholding the Man with the Mouth. They were those of unmingled awe and pleasure, and appealed with resistless effect to my imagination. They came upon me like a rainbow bursting out from the bosom of a dark cloud—as a stream of sunshine at midnight—as the sound of the Eolian harp in a summer eve. But they appealed to the fancy alone: they touched the heart, but not the head; and it was some time before the latter could bring its energies to bear, so completely had it been overwhelmed with the tumult of passions which agitated the feelings. It did act at last; and as soon as the incipient impressions subsided a little, I felt an irresistible desire to ascertain why such wonderful effects should spring from such a cause. But it

was in vain ; and being neither casuist nor phrenologist, I was obliged to drop a subject, to which my powers were altogether unequal. I wondered, and was delighted ; but what the remote springs of such wonder and delight might be, baffled my philosophy, and set my reasoning faculties at naught.

Meanwhile the man continued opposite to me, reading the Chronicle, and I continued to look at him, marvelling at the dimensions of that feature which had vanquished Christopher North in single combat, and absorbed his beautiful "Streams" in its insatiable gulf. He never turned his eyes from the paper : they were rigidly fixed upon its democratic columns, and, but for the motion of his hands, as he shifted it up and down, I should have supposed him an image carved for some Dutch college by Chantry, or Thorwaldson the Dane. I had no curiosity about the man : his name, his country, his profession, his character, were alike matters of indifference. I would not have given the toss of a farthing to know all about them. My attention was engaged with a nobler theme. I was analyzing his mouth, admiring the blandness of its expression, wondering at its hugeness, and envying its happy owner the possession of so magnificent a characteristic. It was not an ireful mouth : the corners were not turned down in the attitude of wrath or contempt, but curled upwards, in that benign flexibility of curve, which Charles Bell has so well illustrated in his Anatomy of Expression. He did not laugh—he was too sedate for that—but his mouth was clothed with a gentle smile, betokening inward tranquillity of spirit. Never did I gaze upon a being so full of mildness—so void of gall ; and the longer I looked at him, I became convinced that those lips had been nurtured with milk and manna, and that the mind to whose thoughts they gave utterance was one which knew not guile or bitterness.

When I first noticed this marvellous man, it was six o'clock, which at that very moment pealed from the clock of St. Giles ; and the room, as I have already stated, was becoming obscured with the shades of approaching eve. The light which glared in at the windows was sullen and sepulchral, and flung a broad, dull radiance, upon the fluted Corinthian columns, that extended their double rows along the Library, supporting its painted roof upon their foliated capitals. Within and without, all was calm. Save our two selves, there was not a soul in the apartment. The librarian had gone, Lord knows whither—the advocates had bidden their literary *sanctum* adieu, and the man with the mouth and myself were left in undisputed possession of the premises.

We had now sat for a considerable time together, he reading the Chronicle, I admiring his mouth. It was certainly the most extraordinary mouth ever created, and challenged observation in an uncommon degree. His whole face was absorbed in this mighty feature. He had, it is true, ears, and eyes, and cheeks, and nose, and chin ; but they were pigmied to nothing in such a lordly neighbourhood. He was, in fact, earless, eyeless, cheekless, noseless, and chinless. To speak comparatively, he had neither the one nor the other : he was all mouth.

I must say that I felt gratified in having it in my power to witness such a spectacle. I respected the man, or rather his mouth. He was, it is true, a radical, as his newspaper reading testified, but then he had vanquished Christopher North ; and after so great an achievement, what feats might he not perform ? I began to think that there was no exploit in the world beyond his accomplishment. That mouth was to him the brazen head of Friar Bacon—the sword of Achilles—the mirror of Merlin—the wand of Prospero—the griffin of Astolpho—the Elixir Vitæ—the Philosopher's Stone. He could rule

the nations with it; terrify the Gouls and Dives with its grin; convulse the universe with laughter, beyond the power of Liston, and draw more tears from Beauty's eyes, than Siddons in Belvidera, or O'Neil in Juliet. The mouth was, in fact, omnipotent: it would be wronging it to say that it belonged to the man, for the man belonged to it. It was to him body and soul; and the other parts of his frame, such as trunk, limbs, and head, were merely its appendages.

Such were the reflections which, in spite of fate, arose in my mind on witnessing this extraordinary phenomenon, when a circumstance occurred which gave rise to a new train of ideas. Hitherto the mouth had been quiescent: not a muscle of it had moved, while its appendage, the man, was employed at his occupation. It was fixed, rigid, and apparently as incapable of change as the eternal rocks. I had even begun to wonder whether it possessed the power of motion—whether it could open and shut like other mouths—whether, in a word, its powers were equal to its pretensions. But these unworthy surmises were soon put to flight; for, on looking attentively, I perceived, with a feeling of intense awe, that it began to move. Upon my honour, the lips began to separate, first a hair-breadth—then two—then three—then a whole line, and at last half an inch. There was a solemn grandeur about the process of opening. The mouth was unquestionably one of too much importance to open itself on trifling occasions, or in a trifling manner. It performed the operation slowly, deliberately, sublimely; and I looked on with the same breathless anxiety, as when listening in the Great Glen of Scotland to the expectant bursting of a thunder-cloud, which hangs in threatening mood over the summit of Bennevis. To say that it resembled a church-door would be doing it injustice—no church-door, even the main one of Notre Dame or St. Paul's ever expanded its huge jaws with such deliberate majesty. Reader, if you have seen

the opening of the dock-gates at Portsmouth, or of the locks on the Caledonian Canal, you may form some idea of that of the mouth.

I think I said it had opened half an inch; to do so it took no less than three minutes—this I particularly noticed. "Now," said I, "this mouth is capable of expanding at least twelve times that length, or six inches. Three minutes to half an inch make six minutes to a whole inch. Six multiplied by six, make thirty-six. In all, one half hour and six minutes must elapse before this glorious mouth can attain its *ne plus ultra*."

While this process was going on, day waned apace, and twilight was on the point of being succeeded by darkness. Those broad floods of light which bathed the pillars with their lurid lustre, were becoming fainter and fainter—and nocturnal gloom threatened, in a few minutes, to reign "Lord of the ascendant." But this approaching obscurity was no impediment to the mouth. It opened wider every instant. At last it attained the climax of its extension; and, wide as it was, would stretch no farther. The mouth, after all, was not so omnipotent as I supposed. There were limits to its powers, and after thirty-six minutes of incessant operation, it had done its best.

I now began to wonder what object my opposite neighbour could have in opening his mouth to such an apocryphal extent—or rather what could tempt the mouth itself to perform so extraordinary an exploit—for, somehow, I could never think of it as being under the control of the man. It could not be to eat, for eatables abound not in libraries; nor to speak, for speech requires not such oral dimensions. It was for neither; the purpose for which it condescended to open itself was nobler far. It was to give a *yawn*, which sounded through the apartment—shook me on my seat, and made the proudest folio quiver like an aspen from its firm foundation. I never heard such a yawn: it was worthy of the great source from whence it emanated: it was worthy

of the Advocates' Library; and, as its echo sounded from shelf to shelf, from pillar to pillar, and from table to table, I thought that it would rival the loudest yawn ever uttered by luckless wight, while luxuriating in the recondite pages of that profound philosopher, Dr. Black. Kings might have owned it, heroes claimed it as their own, sages contended for it, poets sung about it. In one word, it was worthy of the Man with the Mouth. Need more be said? Answer, "No."

Nor was this the only yawn. There were one, two, three, each louder than its predecessor. The last in particular was tremendous, and filled me with awe and admiration. I even yawned myself in hopeless rivalry, but I might as well have tried to out-brave the thunders of Jove with a pop-gun, as enter the lists with this most doughty opponent.

These mighty yawns being at an end, I naturally concluded that the mouth would resume its former condition—that it would close and be as when I first beheld it. But it closed not. Dark as the evening was, I saw that the man still gaped—that his mouth was as wide as ever: he seemed in truth, yawning though inaudibly. He no longer perused upon the Chronicle: this the darkness rendered a hopeless attempt; and he quietly deposited the paper upon the table and looked at me—not with his eyes, but with his mouth. I cannot describe the feelings which pervaded me at this time. The room was almost pitch dark; no relic of the solar influence remained behind; the pillars had lost the gaudy lustre lent them by the twilight, and stood like rows of sable giants in their respective places, while a silence, dread and drear as the grave, prevailed on every side. My admiration—my love—my respect for the mouth was as great as ever, but in a short time they began to be coupled with fear; and had it not been for some mysterious witchery exercised upon my understanding, I believe I should have taken leg-bail, and left the man to

yawn and gape till the "crack of doom." The Library was robbed in darkness—true—but that did not prevent me from seeing him. Obscurity could not shroud him. He still gaped prodigiously. His mouth was large, round and deep, and formed a circle in the centre of his face—a black circle, only broken at the top of his nose, which peeped over it—and below by his chin, which protruded forward as if to harmonize with the nasal protuberance, and render the symmetry perfect. I saw also his eyes, that shone like two lambent lights, and shed a sepulchral lustre around the boundaries of his awful and mysterious mouth.

Altogether I felt alarmed—still respect for the remarkable object of my meditations bound me to my seat; and though minutes and hours passed by, I was yet gazing intently at it. I could perceive no diminution of its size: it was still the same yawning gulf—the same "antar vast," which gave birth to the portentous yawns. On one side I sat rapt in a frenzied awe; on the other, sat the Man with the Mouth, like an idol, commanding and compelling my adoration. I knew not what to make of him—or rather of his mouth. There was something surprising in the whole business; and now, for the first time, did I feel my respect for this wonderful feature beginning to decline. The gradual opening of the feature was fine—the yawning magnificent—but such a persevering system of gaping seemed to me absurd. There was something in it which shocked my causality; and I began to suspect that, after all, his mouth was a very so so affair, scarcely worthy of the time and trouble it had cost me.

At last, what with violent excitement, and the fatigue of gazing, my imagination got violently agitated. I no longer saw things with my own eyes, but with the optics of fancy, and revelled in a profusion of extravagant and unbridled thought. The man who at first seemed nameless and unknown, was now invested with a "habitation and a name."

His habitation was Eternity, and his name was TIME. That mouth was the gulf of oblivion into which all things must pass, save those doomed to endure for ever. The day before I had seen the frontispiece of George Cruickshank's Illustrations of Time, where the insatiable monster is feeding upon the works of nature—where he has an elephant in one hand, and a church in the other, raising them to his ruthless maw; and where cities, pyramids, and temples, are spread out before him for his next repast. This then was Time who sat before me; and his mouth, I doubted not, was expanded to receive whatsoever was unstamped with the seal of immortality.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." In a moment the Library, which had been silent, dark, and deserted, was lighted up, and crowded with wonted visitors. Three hundred advocates in their gowns paraded its vista—three hundred gentlemen learned in the law! I was amazed at it—not so Time. He chuckled with delight, and (*mirabile dictu*) gaped wider than before.

It was a night of miracles. Those thousands of tomes which crowded the shelves, seemed stricken with a dead palsy. The shelves themselves shook with trepidation, and their inhabitants tumbled with "hideous ruin and combustion" upon the floor. Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, and some others, kept their accustomed births, but the multitudinous mass started from *theirs* in dismay, as if some dreadful angel had pronounced their doom.

What did Time? He raised his right hand, and the volumes, as if borne upon some mighty stream, came rushing towards him. I heard their leaves fluttering in agony; and commingled with their agitations, came the groans of living and dead authors, bewailing their luckless offspring. The mouth, as they approached it, grew wider; and into its abyss sunk reams of paper innumerable, blackened with oceans of printer's ink.

Another freak of Time. He again

raised his hand, and the three hundred gentlemen learned in the law, approached him by an irresistible impulse, and were instantly sucked into that mouth from whose vortex there is no return.

One caprice of imagination leads to another. A table was spread in the centre of the room, and a knot of worthy souls were busily enjoying themselves. They were the members of the Noctes Ambrosianæ. North was there, and Tickler, and Hogg, and O'Doherty, and Mullion, and the rest of that illustrious band. And when the mouth saw them, he elevated his dexter-hand a third time—but its spell was unavailing now. North shook his crutch at him in derision—the Shepherd saluted him with a guffaw of contempt—Mullion snapped his fingers in his face—O'Doherty discharged a brandy bottle at his head,—and Tickler swore he did not value him a pipe-stopper. Poor mouth—he was quite chop-fallen!

I pitied him. There is something painful in witnessing the failure of one who has been invariably victorious; and in spite of my respect for those excellent friends who had set him at defiance, I would rather have seen them sucked into his Lethæan gulf than witnessed his overthrow. I pitied him profoundly, for his faculties of devourment were next to boundless; and it was lamentable to think that there dwelt on this ball of earth any power capable of saying, "thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Time, or the Man with the Mouth, or whatever name we choose to call him by, felt his situation bitterly. He did not gnash his teeth; that would have been a tedious business to one whose mouth required thirty-six minutes to open, and doubtless as many to shut—but the tears rolled down his pallid cheeks, and deep long-drawn sighs of anguish and disappointment proceeded from the bottom of his heart.

To assuage sorrow was always one of my principles. My heart is ever open "to the sweet music of huma-

nity;" and I resolved to pour consolation into the spirit of this injured one. "Yes, Mouth! I shall assuage thy matchless griefs," said I, weeping bitterly, while I buried my eyes in my handkerchief with one hand, and seized that of the object of my philanthropy with the other. Scarcely had I done so, than the mouth uttered these awful words—"Friend,

thou art more free than welcome!"—and, on looking up to see what they could import, I found that I was seated in the travellers' room of the Hen and Chickens at Birmingham, and had caught by the nose a worthy quaker, who was at that moment occupied in devouring a savoury dish of pork-chops and sausages.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

IN the year 1571 there lived at Cologne a rich burgomaster, whose wife, Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and, throughout her fatal illness, the doating husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, *Roma Germanica*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed as if, in after-times, it wished to compensate by piety the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students, and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter—one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas.

In the sacristy an ivory rod is shown, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible through an opening—two being white, as belonging to Caspar and Baltesar—the third black, for Melchior.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendour. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and, with their mummy forms, offering a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was, in the present instance, given up; and, when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With a heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting-place. The turret-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying

tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music-desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a-year, and shews the course of the planets, as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening, when Petier Bolt, the Sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man, who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out with great delight, "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!"—a piece of information more expected than agreeable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law, with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress he bethought himself of the Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch; but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favorable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed: the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, that

"he could lend no monies on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hard-heartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so thick and fast, that, in a very short time, the house-tops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market-place, and, when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cathedral. The great clock chimed three quarters—it wanted then a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour—or, indeed, at any hour? He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly, a thought struck him like lightning; he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom—and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. "Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving—no, Heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quieting his conscience as well as he could with this opiate, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church-keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him: the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs: a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamp-light flickered in the night-wind.

But still the thought of home drove him on ; and even the badness of the weather carried this consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking her key, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key, and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be noticed by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion ; and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who visited a church at midnight to show his courage. For a sign that he had really been there he was to stick his knife into a coffin ; but, in his hurry and trepidation, he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropt down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave ; and as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long, narrow passage, with the dead heaped on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim lights of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun his work. A sickness seized him at the thought ; and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eyes fixed on the coffin ; when—was it real, or was it illusion ?—a change came over the face of the dead ! He started back ; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant,

leaving a darker shadow on the features.

“ If I had only time,” he said to himself—“ if I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies ; they have lost that resemblance to life, which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones. It's all nonsense, though ; one is as harmless as the other, and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it.”

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass-windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his imperfect implements, cost both time and labor. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him : now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him ; and so strong had been the illusion, that, when he found this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, “ Forgive me, dear lady, if I take from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—Oh no !—it is for my wife and children.”

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spoke thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand

to draw the rings from its finger; but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp!—his hand was clutched, aye firmly clutched, though that rigid face and form lay there as motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light, which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil's Stone*, which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the Devil. Thus much is certain,—it has fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the turret-clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a deathlike swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the market-place to the Burgomaster's house, where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last he opened the window and inquired who

it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour?—"It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer.—"And who are you?" again asked Adolph.—"Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you."—Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to Bolt.

"What have you to say to me?" he exclaimed.—"Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the anxious sexton;—"not here; we may be overheard."

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion as he listened to the strange recital; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time, he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject towards every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial.—"I would rather," he exclaimed,—"I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead." This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business; on the other, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident, was labouring under the in-

fluence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a church-yard spectre. The Burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and, giving him a couple of dollars, to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of—"Do you fear the dead?"—Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living."

"Indeed!" said the Burgomaster. "Do you think, then, that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?"—"In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans; "not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adolph.—"Yes, Mr. Burgomaster."

"Do you fear them?"—"No, Mr. Burgomaster.—I hold by God, and he holds up me; and God is the strongest."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to-night: it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple-window."—"I see how it is," answered Hans: "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man. "Be silent, and follow me."—"If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without farther opposition.

Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps; but the old man, who went before him to show the way, delayed him with his reflections—so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshold he stopped, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is a custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived.

"That is an excellent custom," said Hans; "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed us simple men." Not a monument would he pass without first stopping to examine it by the lantern-light, and requesting the Burgomaster to explain its inscription, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period, had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no representations would avail him, submitted patiently to the humors of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbed with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master;—"I see nothing; hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man; "there sits our deceased lady, on the altar, in a long, white veil, and drinks out of the sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand he help up

the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was, indeed, as he had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church—and holding the silver goblet to her lips with long, bony arms, wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver.—"Adelaide," he cried, "I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity, answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?"

"Ah!" replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive, and, but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear

Adolph; I am no shadow—but I shall soon be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succour."

"Go not near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One, that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you."

"Away, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was indeed Adelaide that he held in his eager embrace—the warm and living Adelaide!—who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of—*The Sexton of Cologne.*

TO MRS. HEMANS,

ON HER INTENDED PUBLICATION, ENTITLED "RECORDS OF WOMAN."

"RECORDS OF WOMAN!"—shall they not be fair,
Born in thy soul's pure depths, and garner'd there,
Mid thoughts of loftier birth, and sunnier clime,
Breathing Heaven's fragrance o'er frail flowers of Time?
"Records of Woman!"—shall they not be bright,
By Fancy's pencil traced, in hues of light,
Upon the clear cerulean skies that shed
Eternal sunshine round the Poet's head?
Shall not their source be deep—when every thought
Is with a gifted sister's instinct fraught—
When the enchanted lyre in every tone
Breathes but some mystic feeling all her own?—
If thoughts heroic soar their reckless way
Like captive eaglets rushing to the day—
While notes that wake the very soul of grief,
Seem the imprison'd nightingale's relief—
And heav'n-born tones, too deathless to be mute,
Sigh from the fragments of the shiver'd lute,
Shall not the soul, responsive to thy skill,
In smiles, in tears, in death—be *Woman's* still?

'Twill be as when the eye entranced explores
The sunlit peaks, deep vales, and forests green,
Earth's lavish gems encircling Leman's shores
With zone of matchless beauty. Lo! the scene
Grows lovelier still—the unsullied waters lend
Their magic mirror—hues ethereal blend
With tints of earth. Alas; for painter's art
Foil'd by this mirror!—Thine is in thy heart!

SONG.

Oh! 'tis not for her lovely face,
With youth and rapture teeming,
Where sweetness sheds its purest grace,
Like morning brightly beaming;
Where beauty's sparkling charms reside,
In treasures blithe and airy,
That I adore in fond delight
My sweet, my blue-eyed Mary.

Oh no! 'tis for her happy mind,
Where loveliness reposes,
And infant truth remains enshrined,
Like fragrance in young roses;
Where taste and excellence unite,
Not formed with time to vary,
That I adore in fond delight
My sweet, my blue-eyed Mary.

LIFE AND VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.*

IT was about the year 1435 or 1436, that Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa,—the sagacious and heroic discoverer of the New World: a man whose exploits must always command a nearly equal interest, whether we look to them as the sources of so many important changes in the condition as well of Europe as of America, or for the attractions they impart to history itself. The difficulties which Columbus surmounted before he obtained from the Spanish sovereigns the means of commencing his enterprise; the perseverance by means of which alone he accomplished his first and most important voyage; the lands he discovered; the appearance, manners, and traditions of the natives; the persecutions which he subsequently underwent; the court intrigues and malevolent machinations of which he was the victim; and the comparative affliction and penury amid which he died—all these are particulars of his history well known.

Mr. Irving, in his first four Chapters, has developed many of the sources of that spirit of geographical discovery which took possession of the mind of Columbus, and which was fostered by the restless spirit of the age in which he lived. In the fifth Chapter our author presents, upon the authority of Columbus's son Fernando, "the precise data upon which his father's plan of discovery was founded."

To other observations, Mr. Irving subjoins refutations of the pretended debt of Columbus to the discoveries of a pilot who died in his house, or to those of Martin Behem. With respect to the latter he tells us:—

"The land visited by Behem, was the coast of Africa beyond the equator; the globe he projected was finished in 1492, while Columbus

was absent on his first voyage: it contains no trace of the New World, and thus furnishes conclusive proof, that its existence was yet unknown to Behem."

The renown and triumph of Columbus's success, when first achieved, is thus narrated by Mr. Irving.—

"The joy occasioned by this great discovery was not confined to Spain. The tidings were spread far and wide by embassies, by the correspondence of the learned, by the negotiations of merchants, and the reports of travellers. Sebastian Cabot mentioned that he was in London when news was brought there of the discovery, and that it caused great talk and admiration in the court of Henry VII. being affirmed 'to be a thing more divine than human.'

"The whole civilized world, in fact, was filled with wonder and delight. Every one rejoiced in it as an event in which he was more or less interested, and as opening a new and unbounded field for inquiry and enterprise."

"Notwithstanding all this triumph, however, no one as yet was aware of the real importance of this discovery. No one had an idea that this was a totally distinct portion of the globe, separated by oceans from the ancient world. The opinion of Columbus was universally adopted, that Cuba was the end of the Asiatic continent, and that the adjacent islands were in the Indian seas."

The mind of Columbus was constantly obliged to grope amid the twilight of his age, here obscured through the defect of scientific principles, there by the dogmas of false learning, and there, again, by the absence of that acquaintance with fact which nothing but experience can bestow.

"The singular speculation of Co-

* A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By Washington Irving. 4 vols. 8vo. 1828.

lumbus, which he details at full length in a letter to the Castilian sovereigns, citing various authorities for his opinions, among which were St. Augustine, St. Isidor, and St. Ambrosius, and fortifying his theory with much of that curious and speculative erudition in which he was deeply versed, shows how his ardent mind was heated by the magnificence of his discoveries. Shrewd men, in the coolness and quietude of ordinary life, and in these modern days of cautious and sober fact, may smile at such a reverie, but it was countenanced by the speculations of the most sage and learned of those times, and if this had not been, could we wonder at any sally of the imagination in a man placed in the situation of Columbus? He beheld a vast world, rising, as it were, into existence before him, its nature and extent unknown and undefined, as yet a mere region for conjecture. Every day displayed some new feature of beauty and sublimity; island after island, whose rocks, he was told, were veined with gold, whose groves teemed with spices, or whose shores abounded with pearls. Interminable ranges of coast, promontory beyond promontory, stretching as far as the eye could reach; luxuriant valleys sweeping away into a vast interior, whose distant mountains, he was told, concealed still happier lands, and realms of still greater opulence. When he looked upon all this region of golden promise, it was with the glorious conviction that his genius had called it into existence; he regarded it with the triumphant eye of a discoverer. Had not Columbus been capable of these enthusiastic soarings of the imagination, he might, with other sages, have reasoned calmly and coldly about the probability of a continent existing in the west, but he would never have had the daring enterprise to adventure in search of it into the unknown realms of ocean."

It would have been easy to swell this notice of Mr. Irving's work, by adverting to many of the numerous

passages which, among other things, relate to Columbus's unmerited misfortunes, to the coldness of Ferdinand, possibly occasioned, as suggested by Las Casas, by the injurious reports industriously forced upon the royal ear, or to the praise of the amiable, the wise, and the magnanimous Isabella; but the design conceived, of devoting these remarks to parts of the work more immediately illustrative of the personal character of Columbus, as well as more immediately originating with Mr. Irving's pen, induces us to pass almost in silence over these, and to bestow the greater part of our remaining space upon the eloquent "Observations on the Character of Columbus," with which our author concludes his work:—

"Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth at times with that irresistible force which characterises intellects of such an order. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge connected with his pursuits; and though his information may appear limited at the present day, and some of his errors palpable, it is because that knowledge, in his peculiar department of science, was but scantily developed in his time. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of that age; guided conjecture to certainty; and dispelled numerous errors with which he himself had been obliged to struggle.

"His ambition was lofty and noble. He was full of high thoughts, and anxious to distinguish himself by great achievements. It has been said that a mercenary feeling mingled with his views, and that his stipulations with the Spanish court were selfish and avaricious. The charge is inconsiderate and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; but they were to arise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance. No condition could be more just. He asked nothing of the sovereigns but

a command of the countries he hoped to give them, and a share of the profits to support the dignity of his command. If there should be no country discovered, his stipulated viceroyalty would be of no avail; and if no revenues should be produced, his labour and peril would produce no gain. If his command and revenues ultimately proved magnificent, it was from the magnificence of the regions he had attached to the Castilian crown. What monarch would not rejoice to gain empire on such conditions? But he did not merely risk a loss of labour, and a disappointment of ambition, in the enterprise;—on his motives being questioned, he voluntarily undertook, and, with the assistance of his coadjutors, actually defrayed one-eighth of the whole charge of the first expedition.

"The gains that promised to arise from his discoveries, he intended to appropriate in the same princely and pious spirit in which they were demanded. He contemplated works and achievements of benevolence and religion: vast contributions for the relief of the poor of his native city; the foundations of churches, where masses should be said for the souls of the departed; and armies for the recovery of the holy sepulchre in Palestine."

"His conduct was characterised by the grandeur of his views, and the magnanimity of his spirit. Instead of traversing the newly found countries, like a grasping adventurer eager only for immediate gain, as was too generally the case with contemporary discoverers, he sought to ascertain their soil and productions, their rivers and harbours: he was desirous of colonizing and cultivating them; of conciliating and civilising the natives; of building cities, introducing the useful arts, subjecting every thing to the control of law, order, and religion; and thus of founding regular and prosperous empires. In this glorious plan he was constantly defeated by the dissolute rabble it was his misfortune to command; with

whom all law was tyranny, and all order restraint. They interrupted all useful works by their seditions; provoked the peaceful Indians to hostility; and after they had thus heaped misery and warfare upon their own heads, and overwhelmed Columbus with the ruins of the edifice he was building, they charged him with being the cause of the confusion."

"Columbus was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions, and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice: yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, and braved in the exercise of his command; tho' foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that too at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient, he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and, by the strong powers of his mind, brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate: nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget, on the least signs of repentance and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others; but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

"His natural benignity made him accessible to a l kinds of pleasurable sensations from external objects. In his letters and journals, instead of detailing circumstances with the technical precision of a mere navigator, he notices the beauties of nature with the enthusiasm of a poet or a painter."

"He was devoutly pious, religion mingled with the whole course of his

thoughts and actions, and shines forth in all his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody of praise rose from his ships when they first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth and return thanksgivings. Every evening, the *Salve Regina*, and other vesper hymns, were chanted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves that bordered the wild shores of this heathen land. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul, diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure over his whole demeanour. His language was pure and guarded, free from all imprecations, oaths, and other irreverent expressions. All his great enterprises were undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he partook of the holy sacrament previous to embarkation. He observed the festivals of the church in the wildest situations. The sabbath was with him a day of sacred rest, on which he would never set sail from a port unless in case of extreme necessity. He was a firm believer in the efficacy of vows and penances and pilgrimages, and resorted to them in times of difficulty and danger; but he carried his religion still farther, and his piety was darkened by the bigotry of his age. He evidently concurred in the opinion that all the nations who did not acknowledge the Christian faith were destitute of natural rights; that the sternest measures might be used for their conversion, and the severest punishments inflicted upon their obstinacy in unbelief. In this spirit of bigotry he considered himself justified in making captives of the Indians, and transporting them to Spain to have them taught the doctrines of Christianity, and in selling them for slaves if they pretended to resist his invasions. In doing the latter, he sinned against the natural goodness of his character, and against the feel-

ings which he had originally entertained and expressed towards this gentle and hospitable people; but he was goaded on by the mercenary impatience of the crown, and by the sneers of his enemies at the unprofitable result of his enterprises. It is but justice to his character to observe, that the enslavement of the Indians thus taken in battle was at first openly countenanced by the crown, and that, when the question of right came to be discussed at the entreaty of the queen, several of the most distinguished jurists and theologians advocated the practice; so that the question was finally settled in favour of the Indians solely by the humanity of Isabella. As the venerable Bishop Las Casas observes, where the most learned men have doubted, it is not surprising that an unlearned mariner should err.

"These remarks, in palliation of the conduct of Columbus, are required by candour. It is proper to show him in connection with the age in which he lived, lest the errors of the times should be considered as his individual faults. It is not the intention of the author, however, to justify Columbus on a point where it is inexcusable to err. Let it remain a blot on his illustrious name, and let others derive a lesson from it.

"A peculiar trait in his rich and varied character remains to be noticed—that ardent and enthusiastic imagination which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. Herrera intimates that he had a talent for poetry, and some slight traces of it are on record in the book of prophecies which he presented to the catholic sovereigns. But his poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. It spread a golden and glorious world around him, and tinged every thing with its own gorgeous colours. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavillings of men of cooler and safer, but more groveling minds. Such were

the conjectures formed on the coast of Paria about the form of the earth, and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir in Hispaniola, and the Aurea Chersonesus in Veragua; and such was the heroic scheme of a crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It mingled with his religion, and filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the Scriptures, and the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, subject to impulses and supernatural intimations from the Deity; such as the voice which he imagined spoke to him in comfort amidst the troubles of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Veragua.

"He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature was controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out."

"With all the visionary fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind could he

have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!"

It must be needless, after extracting these spirited, elegant, and interesting paragraphs, in which also every thing is as judiciously reasoned as it is beautifully and forcibly expressed, to offer any formal testimony to the general merits of the present work of Mr. Washington Irving, so much more grave in its character, and laborious in its execution, than any of his preceding ones, as, nevertheless, it obviously is. Some literary blemishes, it is true, present themselves, but they are by no means of frequent occurrence, or such as ought to be mentioned in deterioration of the work at large. As a matter of grammar, we have been surprised to observe, in the index to the work, the constant repetition of the phrases, "*Gourds introduced to Hayti,*" "*Herbs, European, introduced to Hispaniola, &c.*" and in the text we find, more than once, the employment of a vulgar colloquialism of the author's native country; one that has often offended our ears, and which we could much wish to see removed from pages so generally pure, and so generally polished, as those before us. The following is an example: "His circumstances were limited, and he *had* to observe a strict economy."

VARIETIES.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

IT appears from the researches of M. Adrian Balbi, that upwards of three thousand one hundred and sixty eight periodicals are published in the world. Of these 2142 are published in Europe, 978 in America, 27 in Asia, 12 in Africa, 9 in Oceania. The greatest rage for periodical literature appears to exist among the English, and the states of English origin; for, out of 3168 periodical works published in the world, 1378 belong to the English race, leaving for all the rest of mankind only 1790. It is in the United States of America, however, that this passion prevails most strongly; for, with a population of only eleven millions, that country has 800 journals; while the British monarchy, with a population of upwards of one hundred and forty-two millions, has no more than 588 periodicals. To show how incompatible periodical literature and despotism are, it may be remarked, that with a population of upwards of thirteen millions, Spain has only 16 journals.

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

The new series of "Chronicles of the Canongate" consists of but one story, which is to be entitled "Valentine's Day, or the fair Maid of Perth." The era of the events is the reign of Robert III., the scene is principally about Perth, but sometimes changes to the Highlands. The story is partly domestic and partly historical; and there is a great variety of characters, from the king himself, his son the Duke of Rothsay, his brother the Duke of Albany, many of the bold barons of the time, the Earl of Dunbar, the Earl of March, Sir John Ramorny, the confidant of the Duke of Rothsay in his pleasures and debauchees, down to the burgesses of Perth, with old Simon Glover at their head, and the brave Henry Wynd, the smith or armourer, the

intended husband of Glover's daughter Catherine. These two last characters are the hero and heroine of the novel. The story teems with incidents and situations most striking and characteristic. A great deal of dramatic dialogue is interspersed; and the English or foreign reader is not perplexed by those Scotticisms which occur in many of the other novels.

NEW WORKS.

The new work of Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, is to be called *Notions of the Americans*; picked up by a Travelling Bachelor. It will form two octavo volumes, and will appear early in May.

The appearance of *St. Petersburg* at the close of 1827, by A. B. Granville, M.D. F.R.S. &c. has been delayed in consequence of the number of Engravings to be executed for the work. It is now, however, in a state of forwardness.

Mrs. Hemans, the first of our living poetesses, is about to publish a new volume of her charming verse, entitled *Records of Woman*, some specimens of which have already been published.

A Poem, entitled *Tecumoth, or the Warrior of the West*, is about to appear, the scene of which is laid in Canada. The author of this work, which is in four cantos, illustrated by copious and interesting notes, is perfectly familiar with the manners and customs of the Indian tribes, and was personally known to the hero whose fame he has attempted to celebrate.

In a few days will be published, in 1 vol. post 8vo. *Three Days at Kilmarney*, with other Poems. By the Rev. Charles Hoyle.

The Rev. George Stanley Faber has nearly ready for publication a new work, entitled "*The Sacred Calendar of Prophecy*." In 3 vols. 8vo.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D. is preparing a translation of the chief works of Masillon.